

The Daily Mirror.

No. 23.

Registered at the G. P. O.
as a Newspaper.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 27, 1903.

One Penny.

Publishers' Announcements.

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doubt

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Mr. ANTHONY HOPE'S new novel, "DOUBLE HARNESS,"
is being awaited suggests that it will be that popular author's
greatest success. The opening chapters of

"DOUBLE HARNESS"

will appear in NEXT TUESDAY'S "DAILY MIRROR," but
in view of the importance attaching to the publication of
the work it would be wise to order the "Daily Mirror" for
next Tuesday NOW.

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happy



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boots are
bright."

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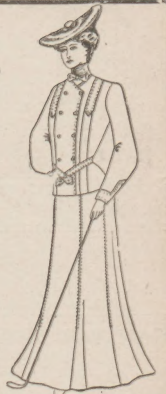
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Preserves a fine complexion and restores a poor one, making it soft and smooth, and removing all blemishes. Tell your Chemist you must have "Mackenzie's." A box containing three 1/- tablets, delicately perfumed, sent post free for Postal Order 2/6. Write to-day.

A Climate of Samples

is the term that has been applied to the weather conditions in our island. The Winter samples are the most trying of all as they invariably lead to COLDS, CHILLS and similar evils. The moment you feel that you have caught a Chill take

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A remedy that never fails to stop a Cold and give instant relief to Coughs, Sore Throats, Asthma, Bronchitis, and all kinds of Lung and Chest Complaints.

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The Harvey-Turner Company, Ltd.,
The Laboratory, Newcomen Street, Borough, S.E.,
who will see that you are supplied.

Our special forecast for to-day is: Cold N.W. breezes; cloudy; occasional rain or sleet; fair intervals.

Lighting-up time for all vehicles, 4.45.

SEA PASSAGES.

English Channel, moderate; North Sea, rather rough; Irish Channel, rather rough to moderate.

331st Day of Year.

Friday, Nov. 27, 1903.

34 days to Dec. 31.

The Daily Mirror.

1903.	Nov.	Dec.	
Sun.	29	6	13 20
Mon.	30	7	14 21
Tues.	1	8	15 22
Wed.	2	9	16 23
Thurs.	3	10	17 24
Fri.	27	4	11 18 25
Sat.	28	5	12 19 26

To-Day's News at a Glance.

Social.

The King has conferred a Baronetcy on the Lord Mayor of London, and a Knighthood on Mr. Sheriff Alfred Reynolds.

The Prince and Princess of Wales have consented to visit Portsmouth in January next and lay the memorial stone of a new church for the Royal Marine Artillery.

Princess Charles of Denmark's birthday was observed yesterday at Windsor, a royal salute being fired.

The Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland visited Belfast yesterday and opened a bazaar in aid of the Ulster Hospital for Women and Children. Lady Dudley, who is now convalescent, returned to Dublin yesterday.

The Duke and Duchess of Connaught leave London to-day for Ollerton.

Owing to a cold and loss of voice Lord Burghclere had to cancel his engagement to speak at Epsom last night.

Mr. and Mrs. Chamberlain terminated their visit to the Earl and Countess of Bradford yesterday, and travelled from Shifnal to Birmingham. The right hon. gentleman afterwards attended a meeting of the Imperial Tariff Committee.

Mr. Robert Jasper More, M.P. for the Ludlow division of Shropshire, has died at Linley, near Bishop's Castle.

Political.

The Acton Conservative Association last night unanimously passed a resolution of confidence in the Government, and, expressing their regret that they were not in accord with Lord George Hamilton's views on the fiscal question, hoped that he would be able to see his way to support Mr. Balfour.

Mr. Winston Churchill, speaking to his constituents at Oldham last night, said circumstances might arise where his honour might demand his resignation, but it rested with him as to whether there was to be a bye election. Whether he was to be the candidate at the general election rested with the executive.

Lord Dunraven has resigned his membership of the Irish Tariff Reform Association.

Lord Stanley, the Postmaster-General, will dine at the Manchester Conservative Club to-night.

The Hon. Lionel Holland, youngest son of Lord Knutsford, will address a meeting of the Parliamentary Committee of Edgbaston Division at Birmingham early next week, with a view to his adoption as Liberal candidate.

Mr. Asquith, speaking at Penzance yesterday, said that he had no desire to attempt to improve the position of the country by taxing the food of the people.

Home.

Cambridge University Senate yesterday carried by a large majority a proposal to consider whether any changes in the studies, teaching, and examinations of the University are necessary.

An interesting lecture on Radium was delivered last night by Sir William Ramsay.—See page 4.

The funeral of Sir Edward Ripley, Bart., took place yesterday at Bedstone, Shropshire.

Mr. Israel Zangwill, the novelist, was married to Miss Edith Ayrton, daughter of Professor Ayrton, in London yesterday.

Miss Ada Reeve has so far recovered from her attack of typhoid fever that she may be able to see friends next week.

There is at present a crisis among the nurses in Charing Cross Hospital, and three-fourths of the staff threaten to resign, owing to the action of the new matron.

While making purchases in a shop at Epsom, a married woman named Elizabeth Coleman, aged forty-seven, suddenly fell down and expired.

A valuable seam of coal has been found at a village on the Firth of Forth. The shaft of the new pit will be situated in the centre of a golf course.

A very interesting volume, Charles Dickens's own copy of his first book, "Sketches by Boz," with his bookplates inside, sold for £16 yesterday at Sotheby's.

Foreign.

A desire has been expressed by the King of Italy, says the "Liverpool Post," to make a provincial tour on his next visit to England.

The English Members of Parliament received an enthusiastic welcome yesterday in Paris. The ladies of the party have received columns of praise from the newspapers.

M. Waldeck-Rousseau is indisposed, and will not be able to make his speech on arbitration at the dinner to be given to-day to the English Members of Parliament.

On the way from Galadi to Bohotle, General Manning's troops encountered 220 Dervishes, and after defeating them captured six men and large numbers of camels and goats.

The Government of Colombia has ordered the strength of the army to be raised to 100,000 men, in order to subjugate Panama, should the mission of General Reyes to the United States prove unsuccessful.

According to a telegram from St. Petersburg, Port Arthur, the port in Manchuria which caused so much discussion in relation to "the open door," is now open to navigation. The duties on goods has been raised by order of the Governor.

Mlle. Marguerite Dilhan, the first French lady barrister to appear in a criminal court, will defend a man and his wife charged with the murder of their son-in-law at Toulouse to-day.

Colonial.

The King has approved the appointment of the Right Rev. Walter Ruthven Pym, D.D., Bishop of Mauritius, to be Bishop of Bombay.

As a result of the Alaskan Boundary decision, Canada will construct an all-Canadian railway to Dawson City.

Three hundred German South-West African natives employed in the Lancaster Mine, near Johannesburg, refused to go underground yesterday. The cause of the strike is said to be due to the spread of disquieting rumours relating to the rebellion in Damaraland.

Law and Police Courts.

Verdicts were returned yesterday in three breach of promise actions.—See page 4.

Mr. Justice Lawrence had to deal yesterday at Kent Assizes with a man sixty-four years of age, named William Price, who has spent thirty-four years of his life in penal servitude. The learned judge added another period of five years.

At Clerkenwell Sessions yesterday Mrs. Lily Palmer-Robinson, described as the widow of a general, was charged with stealing forty-six yards of carpet and a rug. She was acquitted.

A young woman named Ada Rutherford was sentenced at Kent Assizes yesterday to three months' imprisonment for bigamy. It was stated she had been receiving £2s. weekly from her first husband, from whom she was separated.

Two men, said to be furriers, were remanded at the Thames Police-court yesterday charged with stealing 2,000 mole skins, five leopard skins, and twelve chinchilla skins.

A Southwark policeman saw a man strike a woman on the face, and arrested him. At the local police court yesterday the man whined that the officer "knew him for a hard-working man." "He evidently knows you for a hard-hitting man," was the magistrate's response.

The North London magistrate fined three tramcar conductors 5s. each for allowing their vehicles to be overcrowded, and the six excess passengers were ordered to pay costs.

The court-martial at Sheerness on Lieutenant Sparks, commanding H.M.S. Landrail, on a charge of stranding and hazarding his ship on the Dutch coast, had not concluded when the court rose last night.

Clara West, a female bookmaker, was fined at Birmingham yesterday.

A workman who clamoured too loudly to get admission to Lord Rosebery's meeting in the Surrey Theatre, for which he held a ticket, was fined 10s. at Southwark Police Court.

Fines amounting to £123 were inflicted at Stockton-on-Tees yesterday on thirty bookmakers for street betting.

About one thousand summonses for leaving work without notice are to be issued in connection with the Ackton Hall Colliery dispute.

Court



Circular.

Buckingham Palace, Nov. 26.

Colonel Lord Edward Pelham-Clinton, Groom-in-Waiting to the King, represented his Majesty at the funeral service held at the Russian Chapel, Welbeck-street, this morning, for the late Prince Soltykoff.

M.P.'s IN PARIS.

Their Wives Interest the Parisiennes.

A GALA DAY.

Shopping Delights Relieve the Round of Visits.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

Paris, Thursday.

Paris has worn the broadest smiles of welcome since the British M.P.'s reached here, and both they and the ladies with them are being received with a genuine outburst of cordiality which leaves even the official assurances of welcome, prettily worded though they be, a long way behind.

The Press is most enthusiastic, and all the papers devote columns of space to the charm of the ladies accompanying our legislators. There is one portion of the delegation which attracts much admiration everywhere—the young girls. The Parisienne of thirteen or fourteen is kept with such severity in the background that girls as we in England know them come with almost the shock of novelty on the Parisienne. Everybody to whom I have spoken is loud in enthusiasm about "ces petites Miss," and I shall not be much surprised to see some changes before long in education here, for the results that bringing up "à l'Anglaise" show have impressed the wives of Paris Deputies.

I do not know which is the more amusing, the English of the hosts or the French of the visitors, but both are making mighty efforts to be understood, and succeed to some considerable extent. The set phrases which one hears at every moment are delightful. One of the best known Paris journalists has gained an immense reputation with his compatriots already by learning little English sentences by heart, and letting them off like fireworks on every possible occasion. I heard him corner Lady Vincent this afternoon, and, with a charming smile and an inimitable gesture which none but a Frenchman could have made, remark in a tone of deep conviction, "At length the long wished for day arrive. 'Vive la France!' said Lady Vincent—and 'vive la France' or 'jolly good fellow' is doing yeoman service generally in the small change of compliment.

Ladies much Admired.

"They can dress, the English Mesdames and their Misses!"

The exclamation came from an excited little Frenchman standing beside me in the corridor of the Hotel Continental, when, between half-past four and five this afternoon, the first of the ladies accompanying their husbands to M. Loubet's reception at the Elysée came downstairs.

The Members of Parliament and their families had a busy day. The sun shone so brightly in the morning that the visitors were glad to avail themselves of the half-day's liberty allowed for in the programme. Some of them strolled up the Champs Elysées, and into the Bois, some of them went to the Louvre, but the majority shopped; even an Empress cannot resist the opportunity of shopping in Paris.

The centre of the city reminded one of Westminster, so many were the familiar faces seen. The visitors lunched at the houses of various deputies, and afterwards enjoyed a short motor-car drive, the members of the Automobile Club kindly putting a number of cars at their disposal.

In the afternoon, when rain began to fall, a visit was paid to the Chamber of Deputies. The ladies remarked how much better visitors there were provided for than the unfortunates who have to peep through the ladies' grille at the House of Commons. The M.P.'s on their side made, like Captain Cuttle, a note of the useful desks of which deputies have the use.

The Great Event.

At the Senate the visitors had quite a ceremonial reception, and were shown the beauties of the historic edifice. The debates were on unexciting subjects, but the members' wives were much amused at the vivacity of the speakers. The noise was at one time so loud that the President rang a great bell for several minutes to secure silence.

Before leaving the Senate each lady of the party was presented with a bouquet from the Senate hothouses, and sandwiches and champagne were served at the buffet. A little later came the great event of the day. In automobiles and carriages the members and their wives drove in a long procession to the Elysée—every man in Court dress or uniform, and every lady also in Court dress, with, in many cases, hats purchased at an hour or two before.

President Loubet, surrounded by his civil and military household, was there to welcome the visitors. After Lord Brassey had spoken,

M. Loubet told them how glad he was to repeat the pleasure he had experienced on his visit to London.

"The Sun, Spring, and Flowers."

In his speech (says Reuter) M. Loubet said he was certain the cordial sentiments on both sides would not be chilled by the bad weather. "Were it otherwise," he said, "I would invite you to return at a more propitious season. I would ask my fellow citizens to receive you when they have as accomplices the sun, the spring, and the flowers."

After he had conducted the guests to the buffet, the President proposed as a toast "His Majesty the King, her Majesty the Queen, the Royal Family, and the whole British nation." There were upwards of five hundred guests at the banquet given in the evening by the French Parliamentary Arbitrationist Group at the Grand Hotel.

THE IMPERIAL PATIENTS.

Health of the German Emperor and the Tsaritsa.

The Kaiser has now a different voice from that which was his before his operation. On the advice of his specialists, his Majesty has undertaken and partially succeeded in modulating his utterance so that the strain on the vocal cords is lessened.

The doctors have explained to him the theory of voice-production by professional singers, but the Emperor, before he is able to apply this method of tone-production fully, may need the aid of a professional teacher. He has, however, succeeded sufficiently to be able to pitch his voice lower and yet make it reach as far and sound more clearly than formerly.

Fears occasioned by the fact that his Majesty's convalescence has been less rapid than was originally anticipated are groundless. It is true that these warty growths in the larynx are apt to recur, but the mere recurrence of such a growth should not, even if it took place, give rise to any anxiety, provided always that the microscopic examination of the tumour proves its innocence. The restoration of the Kaiser's voice to the normal is practically assured.

The "Lancet" adds that for medical readers the fact that arrangements have been made for a Mediterranean cruise next January proves that the Emperor's medical attendants have no doubt as to the absolute innocuousness of the growth.

The Health of the Tsaritsa.

Anxiety as to her Majesty's condition is minimised by the favourable statements as to her Imperial Majesty's general health and to the absence of fever. The dangers of inflammation of the cavity of the middle ear, accompanied as it is with numerous complications, have long been recognised by surgeons.

In the mildest cases suppuration does not occur, and the patient is quickly restored to health. In the Tsaritsa's case, however, the bulletins show that suppuration has occurred.

An additional danger is general blood-poisoning. The bulletins as regards the Tsaritsa's condition are, however, most hopeful, and there is no mention of any symptoms pointing to complications. Since Wednesday there has been a strong discharge from the affected part, but the general condition of the patient is satisfactory. Her Majesty slept well during Wednesday night.

THE COUNTESS VINDICATED.

Berlin, Thursday.

A further sensation in the Kwiilecki case was provided to-day by the publication of a letter written by Count Hector Kwiilecki, at whose instance the prosecution was undertaken, to Dr. Wroncker, counsel for Countess Kwiilecki.

In this communication Count Hector declares that he has come to the conclusion that his accusations are groundless, and that no proofs exist. He begs the lawyer to inform the interested parties of his admission, and to ask their forgiveness for his mistake.

This letter was sent on the day before the verdict was pronounced, but Dr. Wroncker felt so certain of the acquittal of his client, that he refused to use the letter. He also desired to procure an acquittal naturally, and not by means of a sensation.

According to the "Berliner Tageblatt" counsel for the prosecution, Dr. Mueller, owing to the violent nature of his speech and the methods he employed, was transferred to Elberfeld, but declined to proceed there, and has resigned in consequence.

In an interview published in the same journal, the Countess said that she had enjoyed good treatment in prison, where she saw her little son four times, but was not permitted to speak Polish to him. She said that she intended to reside in Berlin and devote her life to the education of her son.

Over two hundred telegrams of congratulation have reached her since her acquittal.

The Countess said that she had suffered most in prison from not having a looking-glass.—Reuter.

RADIUM WONDER.

Fresh Facts about the Element that Costs £750,000 a Grain.

Austria has created a corner in radium—that mysterious and astonishing element of which so much has been heard lately.

Sir William Ramsay divulged this interesting fact in a lecture delivered yesterday at the London Institution. He said its price has gone up tenfold within the last six months, until now it is estimated that a cheque for £50,000 might suffice to buy one-fifteenth of a grain. This rise is simply due to the action of the Austrian Government, which has refused to allow further exports of the refuse of the uranium-oxide works at Joachimthal, whence nearly all the previous supply has come. Evidently a fresh argument for Mr. Chamberlain and the retaliators.

Dealing with the scientific part of the subject, Sir William showed how success has quite recently rewarded the long search into the problem of what becomes of the minute particles with which radium is always parting. The substance constantly gives off an emanation which seems to behave in all respects like a heavy gas. It can be collected in tiny flasks, measured and weighed, and used to display the characteristic properties of radium. But it is not permanent—in about a month it entirely disappears. What becomes of it is a puzzle.

Now Sir William Ramsay has caught this emanation in the act of vanishing. He found that, after it had been collected for a couple of days, its spectrum—which previously was entirely unlike any yet studied—began to display the typical yellow line of helium, the gas first known and christened by its constant presence in the sun. In four or five days the helium lines grew brighter, and in another week the spectrum of helium was positively blazing in the hermetically sealed tubes that had been filled with the emanations, or gaseous output, of radium.

In other words, the element had been literally seen to change into another of quite different nature under the eyes of the experimenters.

What is this, asked Sir William Ramsay, but an actual case of the transmutation of one element into another in which the ancient alchemists believed, when they painfully sought to change lead into gold—and incidentally founded our modern science of chemistry?

A KENNEL REVOLT.

Surrey Foxhounds Revert to the Savagery of Nature.

"Back to the land" is a common phrase among men and women—particularly among those worst adapted for the natural life—but the movement is a decided novelty as far as well-fed English foxhounds are concerned.

Weariness of civilised life, however, seems really to be the motive leading to some remarkable events in a quiet district of Surrey. A few weeks ago one of the hounds escaped from the Surrey Union Hunt's kennels at Bookham, and wandered into the woods in the direction of Pasture Wood, near Abinger. She was attended by a greyhound from a neighbouring stable, and they roamed for some days, getting every day more and more wild.

Since they broke away they have been joined by about six other hounds, who evidently approve of the experiment. They have created something like a reign of terror in the district, and the cottagers in the neighbourhood are keeping their children carefully under observation. The hounds have become so savage that it will be necessary to hunt them down and shoot them.

MINIATURE GENERAL ELECTION.

Death of Another M.P.

The death of Mr. Jasper More took place yesterday at Bishop's Castle. Mr. More had represented the Ludlow Division as a Unionist since 1885, at the three last elections having been returned unopposed. Only a day or two ago he had been making preparations for an expected visit from Mr. Chamberlain.

There are now four Parliamentary vacancies, which have been caused within a week.

Majorities.
Ludlow (Shropshire) (U.) 3,819
Dulwich (Camberwell) (C.) 3,062
Lewisham (C.) 2,414
Ashburton (Devon) (L.) 716

In Lewisham the two candidates have been selected:—Conservative, Major Coates; Liberal, Mr. J. W. Cleland, L.C.C.

THE NEXT BUDGET.

Mr. Ritchie, Chancellor of the Exchequer, at the Chamber of Commerce dinner at Croydon last night, responding to the toast of the Houses of Parliament, referred to the remission of taxation on the last Budget.

He could not say whether there would be a further remission of the income-tax next year, but if it were possible, and he did not think it would be, he thought that the indirect taxpayer should receive careful consideration, because he did not believe it to be just that the "extra taxation imposed for the war should be permanent.

NEW ARABIAN NIGHT.

A Cap Which Produced Mysterious Gold.

The story of a mysterious and fascinating adventure reaches us from St. Petersburg.

A German organist from Orenburg, who was visiting the city, purchased a cap and then set out to see the sights. On arriving home in the evening he placed a hand within his overcoat pocket and withdrew—two purses.

Marvelled greatly at his remarkable good fortune, the worthy German spent a second day in viewing the city. The Hermitage Gallery and Luni's "Colombina" filled him with supreme delight. When he reached home, however, a strange thing happened. In the pocket of his overcoat were more purses and more gold.

When, on the third day, the same thing happened, our musical Teuton became alarmed. Magic he did not believe in; the romantic extravagances of the Caliph of Bagdad are nowadays impossible, he argued. He decided to adopt a prosaic alternative, and set out for the police-station. The whole thing was uncanny and broke his rest of nights.

From ordinary constables, in the Russian equivalent of blue, he was passed on till at last he stood before the Chief of the Police himself. To this functionary he unfolded his remarkable story.

The German was then cross-examined at great length. "Where had he bought his cap?"—"At Orenburg, where he dwelt." "Where his cap?"—"At Petersburg."

The latter was sent for, and from him Sherlock Holmes gathered that the cap was of an exceptional make. Some time ago a man had called at his shop and produced a large piece of English cloth, which he desired should be made into fifteen caps of precisely the same pattern.

When the order was executed, a piece of cloth remained, out of which the latter had made a sixteenth cap, which was the identical one purchased by the German organist.

From this it was but a step to the discovery that the fifteen wearers of the caps were pick-pockets, who got rid of their booty by dropping it into the pocket of the nearest member of the tribe, who was easily recognised by the pattern of his headgear.

They had mistaken the innocent German for one of themselves, and that was the whole mystery.

MILLIONAIRE'S MARBLE HALL.

The King will Inspect this Place of Beauty.

The dream of Maritana has its counterpart in real life at Elvedon Hall, Thetford, for when Lord Iveagh is at this one of his seats he dwells in a marble hall of great beauty, and doubtless has "maidens and serfs" at his call.

It is called the Indian Hall, and is in the centre of the house, which was built for the late Maharajah Dhuleep Singh in 1870. Lord Iveagh purchased the place about seven years ago.

The hall represents some old Indian temple; its ornamentation is on a magnificent and lavish scale, and the interior is covered with intricate carving of a wonderfully delicate nature. It is constructed entirely of the beautiful Carrara marble, the effect of which is a dazzling whiteness wonderful to behold. Its dimensions are, approximately, 80 feet long, 40 feet wide, and 45 feet high. The floor is of oak, and is an ideal one for dancing.

His Majesty the King is to visit Elvedon Hall in a few days.

ANOTHER LADY LAWYER.

Advocate for a French Couple accused of Murder.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

Paris, Thursday.

To-morrow the first woman who has ever acted as advocate in a murder trial opens her case before the Toulouse Assize Court. Mademoiselle Marguerite Dillhan, a young lady of only six-and-twenty, who passed her legal examination a year ago, and took the oath upon July 13 this year, is defending a woman named Dumas, who, with her husband, is accused of having killed her son-in-law upon September 14 last.

Mademoiselle Dillhan is not only an eloquent, but an extremely prepossessing advocate. She is the first Frenchwoman to plead in a criminal case, for Mademoiselle Chauvin and Mademoiselle Petit, the two lady lawyers, who have had some success in Paris, have figured in civil cases only.

YSAYE'S RECITAL.

The greatest living violin virtuoso was deservingly of a much larger audience than that which gathered at St. James's Hall yesterday afternoon. But whatever was lacking in numbers was more than made up for by enthusiasm.

In the concerto in D minor by Viennetemps, a work written at the period when the classics were on the verge of their decadence, and the entrance of the more "bravura" style of music, Ysaye was heard to special advantage. It is very seldom that this piece is heard arranged for piano, harp, and organ accompaniment. It was the crowning number of the afternoon.

LOVER'S NOVEL CLAIM.

Discarded Swain Obtains Damages for Breach of Promise.

It is not often that a male plaintiff appears in a breach of promise action. This droll position was occupied yesterday at the London Sheriff's Court by Mr. Frank Louis William Knight, a bicycle dealer, who obtained £250 damages for the injury done to his affections by a Mrs. Ricardo, nee Constance Van Der Bergh, daughter of a prosperous City merchant living at Stoke Newington.

Mr. Hammond Chambers, who appeared for Mr. Knight, admitted that the position was unusual, but claimed that his client had been treated in a very heartless fashion.

Mr. Knight met Miss Van Der Bergh in 1898, when he was manager for a bicycle company. Her father did not consider he was in a sufficiently good position, and accordingly took over a business for himself at Tulse Hill. He began to establish himself, and in the beginning of 1900 the engagement was made definite.

Affectionate Letters.

During the courtship the lady wrote many affectionate letters. In one, signing herself "Your loving little sweetheart, Connie," she wrote:—

"I am feeling so unhappy. Darling, supposing papa does not give his consent, will you marry me without at the end of September or any time before Blanche's (her sister) wedding; it will be the middle of October? As, if papa does not consent, I cannot possibly be present at the wedding. I have everybody sympathising with me. I am quite willing to live over the shop for at least twelve months. If father sees we intend to take the matter into our own hands I think he will then be obliged to give in."

In another letter Miss Van Der Bergh wrote that she thought it would be wiser to wait six months. But she added: "I thought I should have gone mad last evening, so I went down into the kitchen and talked to the servant."

On October 21, 1900, she wrote:—

"Darling, I want you more than ever. Sometimes I feel my patience is almost exhausted, and feel inclined to run to you and ask you to marry me at once, but then common sense tells me to wait a little longer, as each day things are getting better. I am going in to dinner with Joe Ricardo, so you need not be jealous. Heaps of love to yourself, from your very own Connie."

"Joe Ricardo" was a gentleman reading for the Bar, and has since married the lady.

A letter of October 27 ran:—

"I suppose I shall get used to it (Blanche being married). Never mind, darling, I have still got you, and no one can carry you off from me. I am sending you a piece of Blanche's wedding cake. If you put a piece under your pillow you will dream of your future wife. I dare say you will dream about her without doing so. I had I dream of my future husband very often, and I never had wedding cake under my pillow."

In November Miss Van Der Bergh wrote that it was only eleven weeks before the six months were up, and said she had been doing some cooking. "I thought," she said naively, "you would prefer me practising on the people here rather than on you."

In the following spring the lady telegraphed: "Arrange for marriage immediately," and Mr. Knight made arrangements accordingly; at the Registrar's. The father, however, found out what was intended, and persuaded the couple to wait another six months. He asked Mr. Knight if he would mind being married in a synagogue, and the ardent lover said he would not let fifty religions stand in the way.

A Quick Change.

In July last, after Mr. Knight had prepared his premises for the reception of his intended bride, he received a letter breaking off the engagement, as Miss Van Der Bergh had been told her mother would have a fit of apoplexy if she married Mr. Knight.

Two months later he read an announcement of the marriage with Mr. Ricardo.

The lady's father, who gave evidence for her, said she was not in love with Mr. Ricardo while she was engaged to Mr. Knight, but she married him within two months of his proposal.

Counsel: Rather a quick change.

Witness: Girls are funny. (Laughter.)

Counsel: I agree with you.

In addressing the jury the Under-Sheriff said this was the first case of the kind that had come before him.

A CAPTAIN HALVES THE DAMAGES.

Juries may award fair plaintiffs in breach of promise cases substantial damages, but it does not follow that the lady receives the solatium. A case in the Bankruptcy Court yesterday illustrates this fact. Captain T. K. Gaskell, of the 29th Burma Infantry, was defendant in a breach of promise action; the jury gave a verdict against him, with the substantial damages £1,500. He afterwards became bankrupt. The Registrar, however, insisted, before granting his discharge, that he should consent to pay £800 towards the amount of the verdict.

THE JEWISH CASE—VERDICT.

The action for breach of promise, brought by Sarah Kazanowski, a young Jewish girl of nineteen, against her former fiancé, Elias Harris, a Whitechapel milkman, was decided yesterday.

The jury awarded the plaintiff £100 damages.

£200 DAMAGES.

Miss Mary Ann Clarke, a school teacher at Hull, was awarded £200 damages in a breach of promise action against Mr. Whitwell, a Chiswick bookmaker, in the London Under-Sheriff's Court yesterday. The defendant did not appear.

SHORT FOREIGN TELEGRAMS.

THE FLOODS IN ST. PETERSBURG.
The Tsar has given a first donation of 10,000 roubles (about £1,000) in aid of those rendered destitute by the floods in St. Petersburg.

INGENIOUS RAISING OF FUNDS.

Berlin has a fund for the relief of sick domestic servants which is replenished by a novel means. To it every servant contributes sixpence on changing his or her situation. It has received in one year £1,275, which stands for 51,000 changes in the capital alone.

THE TRANSATLANTIC YACHT RACE.

The New York Yacht Club has under consideration a cablegram from Lord Londale, acting on behalf of the Kaiser, in reference to the proposed Transatlantic yacht race, but the club, it is announced, will take no official action until the Kaiser has formally offered his cup for the race.

QUEEN DRAGA'S JEWELLERY REMOVED.

All the jewellery and valuable costumes of the murdered Queen Draga were yesterday taken over the Serbian frontier by the representatives of her heirs, and from there sent to her sisters at Munich. The Servian Government refrained from confiscating part of them, which it was feared they might do.

SAFETY OF THE "CEDRIC."

Our New York correspondent telegraphed yesterday:—The White Star liner Cedric, which was falsely rumoured lost at sea, signalled to Sandy Hook lightship off New York at three o'clock this afternoon that all was well on board. She will reach her dock early this evening. She flies no signal of distress, and apparently had met with no untoward incident.

SPOIL IN CAMELS AND GOATS.

General Manning's expedition against the Somaliland Mullah has had a brush with the enemy. It encountered, on the 22nd inst., south of Lasakante, a party of 220 Derwishes, who were returning with spoil from a raid. The British captured 380 camels and 2,500 goats, and took six men prisoners. The enemy lost six killed.

SWEETS INJURE A ROYAL BABY.

Prince Charles, the six-weeks-old son of Prince Albert, heir to the Belgian throne, is in a state of health that causes great anxiety. The baby prince, according to the "Globe" correspondent, suffers from an affection of the stomach, caused, it is believed, by sucking bonbons, sugar, etc., given to him by his German nurse.

MUNICIPAL ELECTRIC LAMPS.

The municipality of Vienna has taken a step in advance of our County Councils, against whom some people urge the complaint that they desire to municipalise everything. We have municipal trams, baths, parks, and, in a few places, municipal telephones. But the Town Council of Vienna has decided to manufacture their own electric lamps—this step being for the opposing a trust in incandescent electric lamps.

"IN THE MIDST OF LIFE."

Simultaneously with the marriage of Viscount Pierre de Vauréal, which took place in Paris at the church of Saint Honoré d'Eylau on Tuesday, his father, the Comte de Vauréal, died suddenly at his residence in the Avenue Beugnot. Early on the wedding morning the father fainted, and a physician was called in. He said the trouble would pass, but the Count expressed his regret that he could not attend the wedding. As the bride and bridegroom knelt together in the church a messenger entered with the news that the father had just passed away. The bridegroom was greatly affected, and immediately after the ceremony went to the deathbed of his father, who was seventy years of age.

FIGHT IN A PARLIAMENT.

Political feeling, which has been so highly charged in the Austrian Reichsrath lately, developed yesterday afternoon into a violent scene between three Czech Radical members and a journalist. Blows were exchanged in the Lobby. The journalist was alleged to have circulated the report that one of the members, Herr Frel, had been guilty of watch stealing in the Servian King's Palace at Belgrade.

A kind of sympathetic tumult occurred also in the Lower House of the Hungarian Diet. One member shouted the epithet "bandit" at the President, and as the Deputies rushed to a clash of arms on the floor a free fight was prevented only by the President suspending the sitting.

THE STOCK EXCHANGE.

There was perhaps a little more hesitation about the Stock markets yesterday after the buoyancy of the last day or two. Big financial houses, having started the speculators going in South Africa, held their shares at the lower level, were standing aloof and letting the gamblers and others have the Kafir scramble to themselves.

Money rates were higher among the bankers. But this was partly due to the keen demand for money prompted by the fact that this was the last day for settling up bargains on the Stock Exchange, and in addition the bankers and others have been making such careful provision to pay for the Treasury Bills on Saturday that they have probably overdone it. Money seems scarce, but this evening it is probable that a different story will be told.

The Bank rate for discounting Bills of Exchange was not altered yesterday, but this had no weight. New York was noisy. Thanksgiving Day yesterday, and so there was no special influence affecting American Ralls. In the Home Railways division a new North Western Preference issue is spoken of.

IN MEMORY OF MACAULAY.

Lord Rosebery's Praise of the Great Historian and Essayist.

People will be re-reading their Macaulay after the admirable little essay spoken yesterday by Lord Rosebery, in unveiling the memorial tablet on the famous historian's former residence at Holly Lodge, Campden Hill. The London County Council is placing these tablets on a number of houses occupied at one time or another by the distinguished dead, the first group of immortals selected for this distinction being Macaulay, Hallam, Dickens, Beaconsfield, and Peel.

It was appropriate that Lord Rosebery should be the central figure of so interesting an occasion. In the first place no living man has spoken so many charming word sketches of our great men; he is a sort of panegyrist-in-chief of our dead poets, statesmen, and heroes. As the most indefatigable chairman of the Council—the "Man who taught the Council to walk," as Lord Monkswell yesterday put it—was obviously his place to inaugurate this most profitable departure.

Lord Rosebery spoke in the presence of Macaulay's niece, and a nephew of Macaulay's in the second generation (Mr. C. Trevelyan, M.P.). His Lordship also had in his pocket a letter from Sir George Trevelyan, the historian's nephew and biographer, who thanked the present tenant of Holly Lodge, Mrs. Winkworth, for the care with which she had preserved the associations of the place.

"Spurious Sentiment."

Lord Rosebery spoke of the relief such memorials gave to the monotony of London streets, and said it was not a bad thing for the young, who may need to have their ambition turned in a worthier direction than the Olympian games, to have it forced on them that there were other avenues of fame. Then came an amusing little touch:—

I, myself, have been in the habit sometimes of trying to find the houses of distinguished men without the guidance of a memorial tablet. I used to be greatly gratified by the reflection that the second Pitt had lived in Berkeley-square at the time of the formation of his first Government; and, having got the number, I was accustomed to show my friends who were walking with me, when conversation flagged, the house of the younger Pitt. It was something of a blow to me to be assured by the historian of Berkeley-square, who had given great attention to the matter, that the numbers had all been changed, that I had been lavishing an immense degree of unnecessary sympathy, and had been eliciting a vast amount of spurious sentiment, by appealing to a house which had no more to do with Mr. Pitt than it had with Lord Macaulay.

An Author above Criticism.

Of Macaulay himself, Lord Rosebery said:—

He has had the singular pre-eminence to shine in no fewer than four of the walks of intellectual fame, for he was a great orator; he was, I think, almost, if not quite, a great poet—for he was a poet even in prose; he was a great historian; and he was a capacity to which I personally attach the most value—a most stimulating and admirable essayist. I know his works are now charged with a certain amount of mannerism and a certain amount of mechanism. Such admirable mannerism and such admirable mechanism are above the rules of criticism. One of the most poignant regrets I have is that I never saw him. He was always in and out of my uncle's, Lord Stanhope's, house, which was removed by only one house from our own, and I had always reckoned on it in childhood as a matter of absolute certainty that some day my eyes might rest on him. But he was taken from us suddenly in what in the modern statesman would now be considered a period of youth. I can remember the day of his death as if it was yesterday, if only that it shattered the hopes of my ever seeing him, or of ever reading more from his pen.

ETON AND EPSOM.

Lord Rosebery yesterday spent an uncommonly busy day. For, in addition to unveiling the tablet to the memory of Lord Macaulay, he presided at a meeting of the Governors of the Royal Medical Benevolent College, an institution founded in 1855 to provide pensions for aged medical men and the widows of medical men in reduced circumstances, and to establish a school open to all classes, but offering special advantages to the sons of medical men.

There are now 200 resident pupils, and it was yesterday proposed and carried, that instead of being known as the Royal Medical Benevolent College, the school shall in future be called Epsom College.

What was good enough for Eton was good enough for Epsom, said Lord Rosebery in the course of a characteristic speech. Eton was "Royal," Eton was "Benevolent," but Eton was quite content with its simple designation as Eton College. He saw no use in labelling as a charitable institution a school that might at some future date possess the traditions and standing even of Eton; which, so far, and for very natural reasons, he chose to regard as the best school in the world.

THE ACTRESS IN POLITICS.

Mrs. Brown Potter Comes to the Aid of Mr. Chamberlain.

The very goddesses are fighting for Mr. Chamberlain. From Birmingham comes the startling intelligence that Mrs. Brown Potter, the quondam Circe of Mr. Stephen Phillips's "Ulysses," is about to descend on that midland borough with a patriotic and fiscal poem entitled "The Pledge of a Britisher."

Mrs. Brown Potter will open her three weeks' fiscal campaign, "with musical and dramatic effects," at the Empire Music Hall, and Mr. Chamberlain, who has already run his eagle eye over the verses in question, is said to be delighted with the sentiments that will be recited by his new ally.

"The Pledge of a Britisher" is said to express the popular view of the fiscal champion to a nicety, and those who remember Mrs. Brown Potter's rendering of "The Absent-minded Beggar" are looking forward to a similar sensation.

Dressed for the Part.

"Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful"; or rather in a beautiful clinging gown of soft white crêpe de Chine, made up under silver tissue, and a large white picture hat of tulle, Mrs. Brown Potter will, in a voice loaded with tears, and appropriately accompanied by slow music, remind her hearers that:—

"It isn't for himself that he has tried;

The rest that age has earned him is denied."

After this purely Gampian sentiment the audience will be assured that it is not for himself, but for the good of the Empire and the working man that he is fighting the great fight. For:—

"I pledge my word the Empire needs protection,
I pledge my word that through protection we will gain—

I pledge my word that this will benefit the nation"—
These are the words of Joseph Chamberlain.

After this poetic tour de force, which even Mr. Stephen Phillips could not better, and which, it is expected, the audience will get by heart and echo lustily, the drop-scene in front of which Mrs. Brown Potter has been standing will be raised, disclosing a large transparency of a signed portrait of "our Mr. Chamberlain," around which will be grouped about a hundred British workmen "in the national dress."

After finishing with Birmingham, Mrs. Brown Potter will recite the poem for a week at Manchester and a week at Liverpool, and negotiations are pending with a view to greeting Mr. Chamberlain on his arrival in London next January with these stirring strains.

SCHOOL CHILDREN AND FIRES.

Elaborate Board School Arrangements Made for Speedy Escape.

The fact that the two thousand children at East Ham Board School left the burning building in two minutes and a half, on Wednesday was not due to any happy coincidence or lucky circumstances. It was the result of constant training and practice.

Mr. Thomas Gautrey, a member of the Board, told a *Daily Mirror* representative that fire-drill was part of the regular curriculum of the schools under the Board. At certain periods, when least expected, the head teacher gives the signal that a fire has broken out, and at once the pupils rise in their places and file out to the playground, where they await further orders.

The nature of the alarm varies, curiously, with the character of the neighbourhood in which the school is situated. In the quiet parts the school bell is sufficient; in others an electric bell startles the school and brings it immediately into fire-drill order; while in very noisy neighbourhoods a shrill whistle that could be heard above the din of battle is kept handy by the teacher.

Trivial outbreaks of fire do occasionally occur, and these are always used as opportunities for practice. Appliances are kept on the school premises, and their use is quite familiar to those in charge of the children.

Six minutes is the time the Board fix for the emptying of a school.

THE ROYAL ELOPEMENT.

Reuter, in a telegram from Berlin last night regarding the Princess Schoenburg-Waldenburg, stated that proceedings for divorce have been initiated, and will be heard shortly in Dresden.

To-Day's Arrangements.

General.

A Cabinet Council at the Foreign Office, at noon.
Mr. Balfour presides at the annual dinner of the United Club, Hotel Cecil, 7.30.

Mr. G. Wyndham in Edinburgh.

Lady Emily Lutyns opens Adeline Duchess of Bedford's sale on behalf of friendless girls, Grosvenor Hall, Buckingham Palace-road, at noon.
Meeting and sale of work in aid of St. John's Hospital, Lewisham (the Bishop of Stepney presides), 7, Audley-square, at 3.

Theatres.

Apollo, "The Girl from Kay's," 8.
Criterion, "Billy's Little Love Affair," 9.
Daly's, "A Country Girl," 8.
Drury Lane, "The Flood Tide," 8.
Duke of York's, "Letty," 8.

MR. ZANGWILL'S MARRIAGE.

Civil Ceremony followed by an Interesting Gathering.

Mr. Israel Zangwill, the well-known author, was quietly married yesterday to Miss Edith Ayrton. The bride is a daughter of Professor W. E. Ayrton, F.R.S., President of the Institution of Electrical Engineers. The ceremony was a civil one, and, beyond the immediate relatives of the bride and groom, was entirely private.

Miss Ayrton wore a picturesque gown of cream-coloured soft satin, with a bolero of old Italian lace over silver gauze. The bodice was arranged with a pearl embroidered vest and shoulder straps of pearl embroidery. She carried a bouquet of white roses and lilies of the valley, and was attended by Miss Barbara Ayrton in pale blue crêpe.

After the ceremony a reception was held at Professor Ayrton's house in Norfolk-square, at which a great many guests distinguished in literature, art, and science were present.

The bride-looking charmingly pretty and happy—and bridegroom were warmly congratulated by hosts of friends. The honeymoon will be spent in Spain. The bride's travelling gown was of terra-cotta Roman satin, with a plain skirt and a becoming bodice, arranged with a vest of point d'esprit net and a trimming of silk embroidery. Her hat was of terra-cotta, trimmed with ostrich feathers.

During the afternoon one caught glimpses of Madame Sarah Grand, Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Hornung, Mr. Maurice Hewlett, Mr. Pett Ridge, Mr. Solomon J. Solomon, A.R.A., Sir Francis Montefiore, Mrs. Heron-Maxwell, Mrs. Fawcett, Mr. and Mrs. Max Pemberton, Mr. Joseph Hutton, Sir Lauder and Lady Brunton, Mr. Montagu Crackanthorpe, K.C., Sir William and Lady Crooks, and many other well-known people.

The presents were numerous and interesting, being particularly rich in old Japanese ware, beautifully bound books, and hand-wrought jewellery.

Mr. Zangwill presented the bride with a cheque to be devoted to the three causes she has most at heart: Zionism, Woman's Suffrage, and the Charity Organisation Society.

INDIGNANT NURSES.

Many Threats of Resignation at the Charing Cross Hospital.

There is trouble among the nursing staff at Charing Cross Hospital. The sisters in charge of the ten wards consider that they are being very unfairly treated, and the dissatisfaction has spread to the other nurses, and even the probationers are up in arms. The result is that three-quarters of the staff are resigning.

According to the nurses, this unrest began some three months ago, immediately Miss Heather-Bigg, the new matron, arrived.

Finally, three sisters, who are considered by the nursing staff to be among the most able in the hospital, have received notice to leave at the end of February.

The fact that three months' notice has been given instead of the usual one month is considered by the nurses to be tantamount to an acknowledgment that several members of the committee felt that the treatment meted out to the sisters was a little harsh.

To show their sympathy with the ladies whose resignation has been demanded, four more of the sisters have given notice, and the remaining three are only waiting to see what course the hospital authorities will adopt before they follow the example of these four.

"We consider that all the resident nurses have been treated very badly," they say.

The hospital authorities, however, are inclined to see the matter differently. They have decided that the sisters who are under notice must go, and any others who desire to follow them are free to do so.

The official explanation is that under the last matron, who was practically an invalid, the nursing staff grew very careless, and that every sister was a law unto herself. Under her rule, had become the best nursed hospital in London. Her instructions were to bring Charing Cross to an equal state of efficiency; and the only way to do this, so it appears, was by an entire reorganisation of the staff.

As to the matter of notice, say the hospital authorities, the three months were specially decided upon so that there might be no suggestion of harshness or unfair treatment.

SHORT HOME NEWS.

BLOWN UP BY A SPARK.

A spark from a train which was passing through Brenton, near Newcastle-on-Tyne, yesterday, caused a remarkable explosion. The spark fell into a barrow of blasting powder which a man was wheeling in a neighbouring quarry. The powder exploded, and two men were badly injured.

LARGER CAB RADIUS PROPOSED.

Two interesting suggestions for relieving London's congested traffic were made yesterday to the Royal Commission which is now sitting. Mr. J. H. Brown, chairman of the Battersea Highways Committee, thought that the cab radius should be extended. He also urged the need of a Thames steamboat service.

THE UNEMPLOYED PROBLEM.

Following upon the leading article in yesterday's *Daily Mirror*, we learn that Westminster City Council has asked one of its committees to consider whether a census could be made of the unemployed residents of the city, and another committee is instructed to report what public works could be undertaken at once to give employment.

LONDON'S PIGEONS THREATENED.

One of the sights which impress visitors to London is its remarkable bird life, notably the flocks of pigeons; which give delightful interest to many celebrated quarters.

At the Court of Common Council yesterday it was stated that a scheme is under consideration by that body to decimate the flocks of pigeons which frequent the yard of the Guildhall.

FISCAL LOAVES AS DECORATIONS.

Mr. Austen Chamberlain, who is on a visit to Cambridge, was received by the University undergraduates in what might be called a topical fashion. He had been lunching with Mr. Shipley in Christ's College Hall, and on retiring to Mr. Shipley's rooms he was amused to find that the entire length of the staircase was decorated with diminutive "free food" loaves.

THE SILENT AGE.

There may come a time when people shall walk like phantoms in London streets. The prospect arises from the increasing popularity of the indiarubber heel pad, which, introduced from New York, is rapidly conquering London.

The noiseless walker is noticed everywhere, and but for wheeled traffic the hubbub round the Bank would give place to an eerie silence. Noiseless heel pads are being sold at the rate of 30,000 a week, and a similar article has been placed on the market for attachment to horse-shoes.

MR. BRODRICK SUEDE.

Mr. W. W. Simpson, of Bexhill, claimed £25,000 from the Indian Government yesterday in the Lord Chief Justice's Court. Mr. Simpson was to be allowed by that authority to construct a railway in the Bengal Presidency provided that he could form a company and raise the necessary money in a period of six months from a certain date. He failed to do this, and attributed his failure to the delay of the Indian Government in completing the negotiations. Hence his claim. The case was adjourned in order that Mr. Brodrick, Secretary for India, might be consulted with a view to a settlement.

A GREAT THEFT OF PILLS.

Professional thieves are probably no respecters of property—in other words, they steal anything. But pills seldom figure in lists of stolen goods. At Clerkenwell Sessions yesterday three men, Levy, Fordham, and Davies, were convicted and sentenced on charges of feloniously receiving the following stock of goods which had been stolen from a London wholesale house:—

3,468 boxes of Beecham's Pills,
2,274 boxes of Williams' Pink Pills,
1,260 boxes of Scott's Liver Pills.

Levy was sentenced to ten months' hard labour, and to pay £20 towards the costs of the prosecution; Fordham, to six months' imprisonment; and Davies, who had carried on a druggist's business at Hackney, to one month's imprisonment.

MANCHESTER RACES.

With only three days left of the flat season, everyone at Manchester yesterday was bustling to get some of the spoils, so that there was the usual large attendance and big fields. The feature of the afternoon's sport was the success which attended Major Edwards's stable, no less than three of the seven events falling to horses trained at Osbourne. Results:—

To-day the following may win:—Castle Irvell Handicap—Archer or Gardenhurst; Ellesmere Welter—His Grace or Morganatic; Brown Stew Handicap—Haut en Bas or Brownist; Pendleton Plate—Eyre or Series; Eglington Nursery—Iras colt or Aldredstone.

For the Manchester November Handicap run on Saturday Lord Rossmore was yesterday heavily supported, first at 100 to 15, and subsequently at 13 to 2 and 6 to 1. Bachelor's Button also had good investments made in its favour both to win and for a place.

Cambridge University Rugby team were defeated yesterday at Cambridge by Dublin University by 13 points to 6 points.

* Matinées are on the day of performance indicated by an asterisk.

OLD ART AND NEW CRAFT.

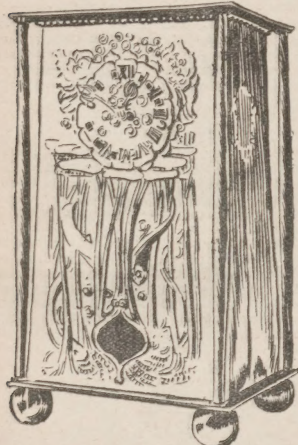
THE PEDANTRY OF FURNITURE.

WHEN is a piano not a piano? When it is a piece of 'new craft furniture.' Really it has almost come to that in the art-and-craft drawing-room of to-day. Much as there is to admire in the obvious energy and enterprise characterising the world of artistic furnishing, there are some tendencies about which it is our duty to speak frankly, if a little brutally.

As a matter of fact it seems we cannot get away from deceit. If we have a small room, there is a foolish tradition that ordains that we must get wall-paper and things that make it look large. If we have a large room, we must do the contrary. Deceit, deceit always! And now, as regards furniture itself, the very reaction which put a stop to the old deceptions is bringing new ones into being. When, a few years ago, there was started a movement for mediæval simplicity in our chairs and tables, we thought at last we were in for an era of domestic honesty. But no! We have become as guileful over the austere 'Early English' furniture of to-day, with its smoked oak and its wrought iron, as ever we were over the ornate products of the age of elegance.

Any who wish to have this fact fully brought home to them cannot do better than inspect the goods and chattels—and, indeed, even the jewellery—on view at the rooms of 'The Guild of Handicraft, Limited,' in Bond-street. There is affectation of the mediæval in the very name. It is not a 'furniture-shop.' It is 'The Guild of Handicraft, Limited.'

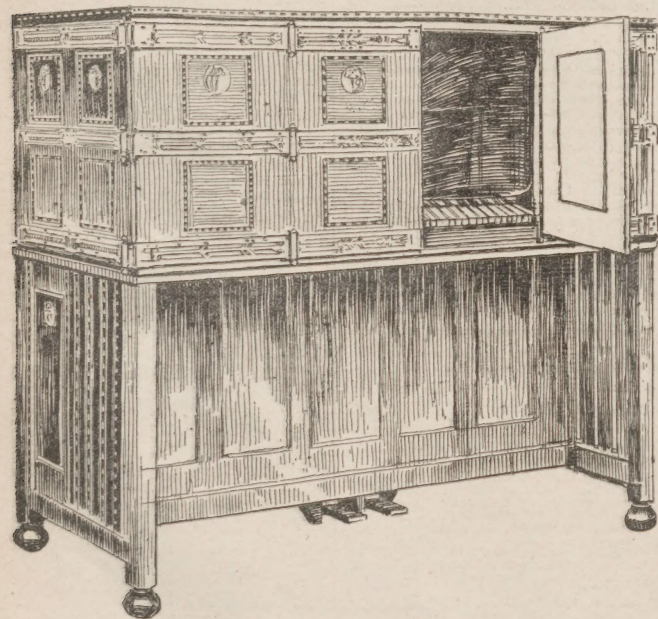
True to the suggestion of its name 'The Guild of Handicraft' appears to aim at bringing us into the centuries when dirty rushes were on the floor, and glass could not achieve unaided the full space of a nice, large, light



A 'New Craft' Clock, much admired—except by those who wish to know the Time.

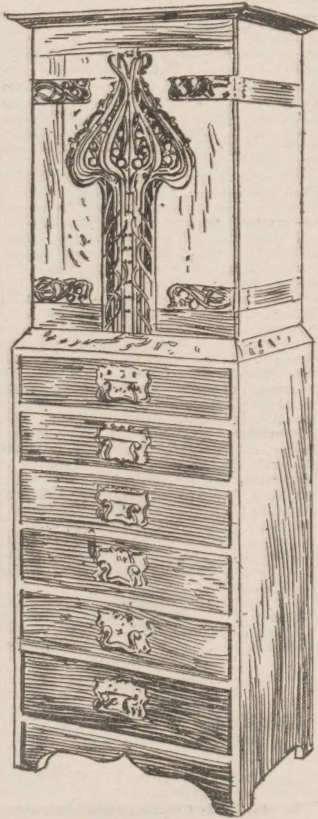
window. It appears to aim at bringing us back to the time when bright, pretty colours were beyond the reach of the poor, when furniture-polish had presumably not been invented, and when, so far as we can see, even elbow-grease was not used to any very great extent upon the dingy iron fastenings of the mediæval chests and wardrobes.

Now to bring us back to that time was all



The Store Cupboard Piano with Keyboard deceitfully hidden by folding doors—one whimsical example of the 'New Craft' Furniture.

very well by way of reaction, but it is too much of a good thing when we are ashamed of the good things the nineteenth century gives us, and pretend, to our own discomfort, to be poorer than we are. Take the piano for instance, illustrated upon this page. Because pianos are a glorious possession of modernity, the 'Guild of Handicraft' must needs try and board them up, so that they should look like anything else in the world except pianos. This is not simplicity. This is mere deceit. A piano was presumably made



A type of the slim, deceitful-looking furniture said to be artistic.

for playing on, not for pressing trousers in, or storing the grocery, for which purposes the 'Guild of Handicraft' piano seems particularly suited. Surely the great masters of simplicity taught us that the whole essence of decoration was the glorification of use. The 'Guild of Handicraft' aims merely at its concealment.

Then there is an almost amusing clock on view at the 'Guild of Handicraft.' It has a sound, serviceable case, but a face so dull, so battered, so badly designed for purposes of showing the time that one could see nothing but a mass of dingy bronze and blue enamel even when quite close. One naturally surmised that the 'Guild of Handicraft' have treasured this old dial for perhaps sentimental reasons, and put it in an appropriate case; and one reflects how much better off we are than our poor forefathers, who had not the

means of making a nice white-glazed and easily discernible clock-face cheaply enough for the common householder.

What, then, is one's astonishment to find that it is the case which is old, while the well-thin illegible dial is a recent effort of the 'Guild of Handicraft'!

The same holds good of practically all the furniture to be seen at the 'Guild of Handicraft.' The American roll-top desk, for instance, is an admirable invention of the nineteenth century. The line of the curve is pleasing; the convenience incontestable. Why, then, should the 'Guild of Handicraft' try to make a desk look like an ancient chest, and give it doors and an iron lock, both of which must be much more bother than the graceful and easy-sliding 'roll' familiar to a present day office.

The Run on Old Iron.

As for those eternal plates of unpolished iron and 'oxidised' copper, they put one quite out of patience. Why on earth should we make a modern drawing-room look like some dungeon in a draughty old castle, just because the mediæval baron was neither so clever nor so comfortable as the modern business man? If it were that we really loved old iron as such it would be pardonable. But we do not. Its price in the cycle shops shows that. We merely clap it on for p'dantry's sake; and on the most inappropriate things sometimes. The 'Guild of Handicraft' have, one may notice, gone so far as to decorate an inlaid polished mahogany wardrobe with a hammered iron lock.

Even the jewellery is after the same fashion. Some pretty enamel there is to be seen, but it is set on silver that is made to look like pewter, and the diamonds are set as though they were bits of worthless glass.

Is this humility? Of course it is not. It is sheer affectation. If we would have beautiful things about us, let us by all means have them. But a truce to these deceptions! A truce to these watchmen's lanterns with electric lights in them, to these fire-irons with foolish handles like old swords, to this sham and costly clumsiness, to this eminently 'unhandy' craft! Let us be proud of our century and all the brightness that it brings; and, as for decoration, let us look for it to the right quarter, to use and to nature, not to the limitations of our ancestors.

'LAUGHTER IN COURT.'

A MAGISTRATE'S MEMOIRS.

THE MAN AND HIS BOOK.

MR. PLOWDEN is much more like a soldier than a lawyer in personal appearance. Tall and thin, with grizzled hair and moustache, and shrewd, penetrating grey eyes, he might well be taken for a retired colonel who had seen 'the real thing' on the Indian frontier.

Another military characteristic of his is his exquisite neatness of dress. But, on the other hand, his curiously nervous manner, his habit of never sitting still, rather suggests the artistic temperament, and, indeed, if you penetrate into Mr. Plowden's own home in Cheniston-gardens you will see perpetual proof of a keen appreciation of art.

Humour on the Bench.

His fondness for children is perhaps his most notable characteristic on the bench. On one occasion a policeman complained of a publican who had given sweets to children. 'That is a very serious offence,' said Mr. Plowden, magisterially.

'But I think he may leave the court without a stain on his character,' he added, as a sort of after-thought.

Another time two little boys had stolen some milk from a cart left unguarded in the street. The prisoners pleaded they were thirsty.

'What can you expect?' asked Mr. Plowden. 'What would you think of a jeweller who hung up his watches outside his shop? The prisoners are discharged.'

One morning the court was full of licensed victuallers, who desired to make various applications. 'There seem to be more publicans in court than sinners,' was the magistrate's comment.

Another time some tenants appeared before him and complained that the landlord's agent had ordered them to pay twice the old rent or else clear out. 'Evidently a case of double or quits,' was Mr. Plowden's comment.

Husbands and Wives.

Of the many chapters which deal with his views of life and the London poor, there is none more interesting and more valuable than that in which he discusses some of the difficult questions of marriage.

The genial police magistrate pays a touching and well-deserved tribute to the patience of wives, which he declares to be, as a rule, admirable and heroic.

'It is wonderful how many black eyes they will put up with before they make up their minds to complain; and when at last they are driven to seek the protection of the Law, there is, generally speaking, more than a spark of pity left for their husbands.'

He is, however, quite able to see the other side.

'Very often a man is driven mad by the nagging of his wife's tongue. He stands it until he can stand it no longer—and then out flies the fist, and the wife is stretched on the floor.'

THE LESSON OF THE RACEHORSE.

WHAT SCEPTRE SHOULD TEACH WOMEN.

By A DOCTOR.

AT the close of her humorous and slightly satirical article on the Physical Culture Craze Miss Hepworth Dixon remarks that on this subject 'the medical profession smiles, but remains inarticulate.' Good cause have they to smile, but the reproach of silence is hardly merited.

My own professional experience, extending over thirty-seven years, permits a perpetual protest against sloth and its twin brother, over-eating; and a pleading that clothing should be designed to suit the requirements, hygienic and æsthetic, of the body instead of the body being tortured into mis-shapen moulds to suit the predilections of tasteless and ignorant creators of costume.

Until recent years the public have been deaf to all such preaching. There are still far too many who would as soon challenge the right of the King to his crown as question the absolute wisdom and rightness of whatever Fashion chooses to dictate.

Such people will never listen for one moment to the warnings of the mere physician or the contemptuous derision of the mere artist.

No Need to be Feeble.

There is, however, an evident awakening of common sense in many quarters, which is welcome to all who desire the welfare, health, and cleanliness of their fellow-creatures.

That far too much may be promised and expected from certain bizarre exercises is true enough, but the general movement is in the right direction, and the broad fact remains that all forms of exercise are beneficial to health and beauty, except that ironical contradiction in terms 'carriage exercise.' Reclining among cushions in a carriage is the opposite of exercise—it is the acme of sloth.

Miss Hepworth Dixon says: 'It would seem indeed as if the weaker sex were determined to be no longer feeble.' I welcome the remark with a 'deep amen.' Why should the sex be feeble? Is feebleness in art, in music, in literature, in anything under the sun, a commendable quality?

Nature assuredly did not make the human female feeble, any more than the female of any other race of living beings. Is Sceptre more feeble than any of her male contemporaries? Would she be more beautiful and admirable if she were?

Preventible but Incurable Ailments.

The feebleness of the modern woman is entirely artificial, and produced by prolonged defiance of Nature's laws, as every physician knows full well.

I wish to keep well within the mark when I say that of women, at or past the prime of life, who have ever consulted me, three out of four were suffering from ailments (which this is not the place to particularise) directly induced by a hideous, triple alliance—lack of exercise, redundant diet, and the conventional corset. Nothing can be done to *cure* these misguided victims; mitigation is all that can be hoped for.

With the young it is different. They can be trained in saner paths, and I rejoice that there is a marked movement in that direction. I quite agree with Miss Hepworth Dixon that to stand on her head is not a desirable accomplishment for any woman, but I would add that to stand on undeformed feet, and to know how to use them, is eminently desirable.

We talk about 'The Physical Culture Craze.' If I may be pardoned a *tu quoque*, I would suggest 'The Physical Perversion Craze' as a fit title of the cult now, let us hope, on the wane. The really crazy people are those who think that they can pooh-pooh physiological laws with impunity, and that Nature's ideal can be improved.

Leave Well Alone!

Reverting for one moment to Sceptre, do not let anyone suppose that there is any absurdity in arguing from equine to human requirements. Except as regards mind, the horse is as highly organised as the human being.

It is as delicate, and as easily injured by lack of exercise, overfeeding and overclothing, by bad shoeing, and contaminated air. Trainers know better than to allow Fashion to meddle with their charges.

Yet I have no doubt that the corset-maker would maintain—indeed, to be logical, he must—that Sceptre's faultless form would be greatly 'improved' by constriction, behind the saddle, to half the normal girth; that the pretty dear required this 'support'; and that her charms would be further enhanced by stopping her exercise entirely, overloading her with clothing, and giving her as much food as she could be coaxed to swallow.

We can only imagine what Sceptre would be after some years of this system. We can see with our eyes every day what has been its effect on the human female.

A new novel by Mr. Anthony Hope is always an event in the literary world.

His next,

'DOUBLE HARNESS.'

which starts in next Tuesday's 'Daily Mirror,' is being awaited with unusual interest, and there must be something remarkable about a work of fiction nowadays to arouse the interest of readers in the way Mr. Anthony Hope's new novel has done.

YESTERDAY IN TOWN.

PLENTY OF PEOPLE IN THE STREETS.

45 & 46, New Bond Street,
Thursday Evening.

It must have been the many important weddings which brought so many people together to-day, for, although during the morning hours the streets presented their normal appearance, this afternoon, in spite of a very sharp, chilly shower about two o'clock, half smart London seemed to be bound for some function or other.

Carriages and Cars.

Lady Hampden, driving in a closed brougham, was rather darkly dressed in mauve; Lady Isobel Gathorne-Hardy, accompanied by her husband and her brother, Mr. Arthur Stanley, wore dark red, with a fur coat; Lady Edith Villiers, in delicate pastel shades of grey and white, might have been seen in Knightsbridge; Lady Griffin and Lady Henry FitzGerald were in a hansom the former in chestnut-brown with pink flowers, and Lady Henry wearing a short pale blue cape over her black frock.

As usual, too, there were many cars to be seen; at the bottom of Bond-street were three waiting one behind the other, and they were more numerous than cabs at both of the big weddings. Lady Suffield, in grey, was driving with Lady Hillingdon, who had on a mouse-coloured costume; Lady Mary Trevis was out with both her pretty daughters, and Lady Kennare and Lady Margaret Douglas were about together.

It was noticeable that there were very few men in town to-day, but among those in the region of the clubs were Count Metaxas, Lord Bateman, Mr. Francis Curzon, and Sir Alexander Elliot.

Lunching and Dining.

People who come to town for the day are generally to be found at one or other of the smart restaurants at lunch-time, and in the evening too they are also usually very full. To-day, at the Berkeley, Lady Lilford, in brown, was lunching alone, and Mrs. Carl Meyer, with her pretty daughter, Miss Elsie Meyer, were to be seen there. They are spending the winter at Shortgrove—a charming place they have taken in Essex. Mrs. Meyer was dressed in black velvet covered up with an astrachan coat, and Miss Meyer wore a fawn cloth. Mr. and Mrs. Freeman Thomas were also lunching there, and another couple were Mr. and Mrs. Clayton Glynn.

This evening Lord and Lady Dartrey gave a small dinner party, and Lord and Lady Boston were entertaining at the same place, while Baron Schröder had two friends with him.

This and That.

The Prince of Wales has had excellent sport at Culford this week.

The Duchess of Devonshire has decided that her annual amateur theatricals at Chatsworth shall this winter take the form of a pantomime.

The process of pulling down and rebuilding on the Grosvenor estate is checked, and leases are being renewed at high premiums. The death duties for the late Duke of Westminster still weigh heavily on the property, and these premiums will help to pay them off.

Some Future Sales.

High prices are expected at the sale on Tuesday and Wednesday next week of Lady Cowley's art treasures at her house in Lowndes-square. The magnificent collection of old china which Georgiana Lady Seafield had at her house in Onslow-gardens will be offered for sale some time next month, and the late Dowager Lady Warwick's property in Grosvenor-road, which was known as "Riviera Studios," will soon be in the market also.

SOCIAL CHIT-CHAT.

At Sandringham the Queen has not a great deal of time at her disposal, but however busy she may be she can always find a spare half-hour or so in which to visit the technical schools which she established some little time ago for the training of the daughters of the King's tenants and cottagers.

The art of the needle is the principal subject of instruction, and the girls are thoroughly grounded in the art of plain sewing before proceeding to more exciting things. It was her Majesty's special wish that the old-fashioned arts of spinning and weaving should also be taught, and the weaving is especially directed to tapestry, some very fine specimens of which work done in her own schools are now possessed by the Queen.

Sir Trevor and Lady Lawrence are entertaining for the week-end at Burford, their place at the foot of Leith Hill. Their house-parties are always of the pleasantest. Sir Trevor has a wonderful collection of orchids, which promises to rival that of a certain statesman who shall be nameless.

The Dukes of Norfolk and Westminster are making a special appeal for support to their miniature Rifle Club society, which is intended to help the young idea to "shoot" in the exact sense of the word. Among the ladies who are interested in the movement are the Duchess of Westminster (who is a fair shot), Lady Scarborough, Lady Charles Beresford, Lady Meath, Lady Lyng, Lady

Annaly, Lady Grey, and Lady Colville of Culross.

Mr. Humphrey Sturt is acting as host for his father, Lord Alington, this shooting season at Criche, and is arranging all the parties, Lord Alington finding the duty too much for him.

The Duchess of Beaufort opened the "Savoyards" Bazaar at Clifton, Bristol, yesterday, in aid of St. Mary's, Tyndall's Park.

Each stall and its attendants represented one of the operas of the late Sir Arthur Sullivan, and in each instance the setting recalled some distinctive scene in one of these popular plays, whilst stall holders wore costumes of familiar Sullivan characters. There were no less than 150 stall-holders in costume, and a brilliant spectacle was forthcoming.

Lady Lucy Hicks-Beach will open the bazaar to-day, and Lady Greville Smyth on Saturday.

There is to be a large house-party at Campden Ash for the 17th of December, when Mr. and Mrs. William Lowther will celebrate their golden wedding. On the evening of that day there are to be some theatricals, in which several well-known amateurs are to take part.

Mr. and Mrs. William Lowther entertain a good deal at their town house, Lowther Lodge, and the most interesting people in art and literature may be met with at their charming gatherings.

M. and Mme. Vagliano mean to make their lovely house in Hill-street their headquarters this winter. For several months it was in the hands of French artists, and the mural decorations in the Louis XVI. style are perfectly lovely, while the furniture to match has all been selected by Mme. Vagliano herself. She has again commenced her luncheon parties, which are charming little functions, invariably made up of interesting people.

Lord and Lady Windsor, who have been entertaining Mr. and Mrs. Chamberlain, are an innately original and up-to-date couple. As an official of the Board of Works, Lord Windsor's experience of motoring will, it is hoped, do something to stem the tide of anti-motoring prejudice. Lady Windsor has long been a staunch vegetarian, like Baroness Adolph de Meyer, and seems to derive excellent health from her stern régime.

Lord and Lady Exeter are to be congratulated on the birth of their first child, a daughter. Lord Exeter married in 1891 Lord Bolton's only daughter, Miss Myra Orde-Powlett. He is the fifth marquis, it was the first marquis upon whose marriage Tennyson wrote the poem "The Lord of Burleigh." Sarah Hoggins, the "village maid," married the late Lord Exeter, in 1791. She was very beautiful, and inspired Sir Thomas Lawrence to paint the lovely portrait of her entitled "The Cottage Countess."

Mr. E. A. Abbey is making steady progress with the official picture of the Coronation, though it is sometimes difficult to get sittings from some of the peers and peeresses at the time that he requires them. Mr. Abbey is an American by birth, and in appearance very much resembles Rudyard Kipling, though perhaps a decade older. He has travelled a great deal and can speak four or five different languages.

OUR BIRTHDAY LIST.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 27.

"This day's propitious to be wise in."—Burns.

Many happy returns to:—

Lady Evelyn Hely-Hutchinson	Lord Mount Cashell.
Lady Violet Milnes	Lord Kingsborough.
Lady Jean Cochrane	Sir John Haggerston.

Lady Evelyn Hely-Hutchinson, the elder of the two sisters of Lord Donoughmore, is more than ordinarily gifted, for, besides being possessed of great personal beauty, she is a very clever artist, who has the happiest knack of just catching a likeness. Her pencil sketches of her sister, Lady Norah Hely-Hutchinson, and of Miss Agatha Thynne, are among her greatest successes.

Lord Kingsborough is the six-year-old son and heir of Lord Kingston. The Kingston title was created by Charles II., from the family name King. The present peer's father assumed the additional surname of Tenison in 1833.

FASHIONABLE ANNOUNCEMENTS.

The Hon. Mrs. Burnaby has left 5, Wilton-place for the Châlet Alexandrine, Biarritz.

Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales has been graciously pleased to accept a copy of Miss Dooner's book "The Last Post."

A marriage has been arranged, and will shortly take place, between Mr. Willoughby A. Pemberton, of 11, Lower Belgrave-street, and Ruth, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Letbridge.

A memorial service for Sir J. Blundell Maple will be held at St. Pancras Church on Saturday, at half-past one o'clock, and also at St. Albans Cathedral, at half-past two. In consequence of the very limited accommodation the funeral service at Chiswick will be necessarily confined to the relatives and intimate friends.

All announcements duly authenticated for insertion in the columns to be addressed to the Social Editor, "Daily Mirror" Office, 2, Carmelite-street, E.C.

YESTERDAY'S WEDDINGS.

THREE IMPORTANT FUNCTIONS.

A very pretty wedding was that of Lady Beatrix Tylor to Captain George Stanley, which took place yesterday afternoon at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge. The church was made beautiful with masses of white flowers and tall green palms, and a troop of the bridegroom's company of the Royal Horse Artillery met the bride at the porch. Awaiting her at the door of the church were her two little pages and ten bridesmaids, dressed in soft white satin, with pale blue velvet stoles edged with sable, and big blue picture hats to match.

Lady Beatrix Tylor looked quite a picture in her dainty wedding dress of satin and tulle, with a simple girdle of orange blossoms round her waist, and the same flowers forming a wreath on her pretty golden hair. She was led up the aisle by her brother, Lord Headfort, and given away by Emily Lady Headfort, who was dressed in grey silk, with a knot of carnations and lilies in her dress.

The Well Known Guests.

The Stanley family is a very large one, and a great many members of it were present at the wedding. Lord and Lady Derby arrived together, the latter wearing black velvet with a white feather boa; and Lord Stanley came with Lady Alice Stanley, who was dressed in dull green cloth, and their little bridesmaid daughter, Lady Gosford, wearing moleskin colour, with a deep purple toque, brought the Ladies Ascherson, dressed alike, and wearing black astrachan coats and red hats; the Duchess of Buccleuch was in purple, with sable furs; and Theresa Lady Shrewsbury, in mauve, was accompanied by Lady Helmsley, in black.

Lady Bective looked very picturesque in pale green accordion-pleated voile, with a black picture hat; Lady Emlin was in white, with wine-coloured flowers wreathing a white hat; Mary Lady Mar and Kellie, in black, brought Lady Constance Erskine, in pale green cloth; Mrs. Bernard Shaw, in mouse colour, with an emerald green toque, came with her daughter, Mrs. Berkeley Levett, in dark blue velvet; Lady Constance Combe wore grey, with a white bolero coat; the Dowager Lady Conyngham had a glittering sequin coat over her black dress; and Mme. de Dominguez was one of the handsomest women there, in black velvet, with white ostrich feathers in a black hat.

A BRILLIANT MARRIAGE.

St. Margaret's Church looked very pretty yesterday afternoon for Miss Pearson's wedding, with a profusion of white lilies, chrysanthemums, and palms at the entrance, and again at the altar. A noteworthy feature was the use of bright emerald-green druggat, from the entrance of the church up to the chancel, in place of the customary red. Some of the Middlesex Imperial Yeomanry, with drawn swords, lined the entrance, and enhanced the general brilliancy of the scene.

Sir Weetman Pearson gave his daughter away, and she wore a very charming gown of cream-coloured chiffon velvet, arranged with wings, lined lined with rich ottoman silk. Instead of the customary wreath of orange blossom, Miss Pearson wore a diamond and pearl "Juliet" cap, over which a tulle veil, embroidered with true lovers' knots in seed pearls, was arranged quite simply. Her only ornament was her mother's superb gift, a necklace, three yards long, composed of matchless pearls.

Immediately behind the bride were three little girls, who acted as train-bearers, in long Empire coats of the same velvet as the bride's gown, and wearing quaint little pearl caps. The elder bridesmaids, Lady Violet Poulett, Miss Beryl Churchill, Miss Gladys Benson, Miss Phebe Bonson, and Miss G. Wilberforce were dressed in velvet gowns of a golden-brown shade called mordoré, with velvet hats to match.

Famous Jewels.

Lady Pearson looked exceedingly well in a beautiful écu chiffon velvet, and she wore her magnificent diamonds, which are some of the most beautiful in London. The bridegroom's mother, Lady Primrose, who came with Sir Henry Primrose, wore a wonderfully pretty pale blue panne velvet gown, with a sable stole, and some beautiful diamonds and turquoises. Many guests were in black, relieved with beautiful furs. Lady Knutsford, in black voile, with a large ermine cape, came with Lord Knutsford. Lucy Lady Egmont looked very nice in fawn voile and sables.

Lady Agnes Cooper, in a handsome black and white gown, brought her daughter, Miss Stephanie Cooper, who is shortly to be married. Lady Head, with whom was Sir Robert Head, was in fawn, with a blue hat, and Mrs. Walsham Hare wore dark blue, with some handsome white fox furs.

Mrs. Christie Miller's gown was of rich green velvet, with lovely lace; Lord and Lady Newborough arrived early, the latter wearing a pretty blue panne gown with some beautiful old lace and white fox furs.

Wedding Gifts.

Sir Weetman and Lady Pearson have showered on their only daughter the most beautiful and costly presents, including, besides the pearl necklace, a head ornament in

beautiful diamonds, and a diamond necklace in trellis work design.

Another of their interesting gifts is a diamond ring, the centre diamond having been one of those used in the late Queen's crown at her Coronation. Their other gifts include a motor-car for the country, an electric landaulet, two hunters, a set of silver fox furs, house linen for both town and country house, a gold-fitted crocodile dressing bag, and a silver tea-set.

Lord Denman gave his bride a circular diamond tiara and a beautiful diamond pendant, with one large amethyst in the centre. Law is the tradition of the Denman family, and Mr. George Denman's interesting gift to his bride was a gold heart of oak casket, presented to the first Lord Denman by Queen Caroline.

Prince Alexander of Teck sent Lord Denman a diamond tie pin, and his brother officers presented him with a silver cup, the non-commissioned officers and troopers giving a silver salver. The bride's gifts to Lord Denman were a hunter and a crocodile silver fitted suit case.

A SIMPLE WEDDING.

The church of St. George's, Hanover-square, was prettily decorated yesterday with white flowers and palms, for the wedding of Miss Valerie de Crespiigny with Captain John Smiley. The bride was given away by her father, Sir Claude de Crespiigny (who was married in the same church, while she looked very sweet in her dress of white satin, veiled with chiffon, her silver tissue train being carried by three pretty little children in white satin and pale blue).

The four bridesmaids wore pale green crêpe de Chine dresses, and dark green picture hats of velvet. The enamelled shamrock brooches worn were the gift of the bridegroom.

Lady de Crespiigny wore a mauve velvet dress, bordered with black sable, and Lady Smiley was dressed in dark brown and a sable cape. Amongst other guests present were Lady Maude Barrett, in grey, with white furs; Mrs. Johnston Kirkpatrick, wearing grey, and a large picture hat; Admiral and Mrs. Leicester Keppel, General Sir John French, and Sir Charles Knox.

THE BUCCLEUCH HUNT BALL.

The Buccleuch Hunt Ball is one of the events of the season in Scotland. The families of the Border counties fill their houses, and never was there a brighter or more successful gathering than that which took place at Kelso on the evening of the 25th.

The Corn Exchange was transformed into a ball room which, if a trifle small, was beautiful in every other way. The coat of arms and monogram of the Duke of Buccleuch was the centre-point of the decorations, with a fox's head and brush at each end of the room, and heads of foxes all round at intervals, interspersed with hunting pictures and hunting crops deftly arranged, the walls being hung with scarlet and green, the hunt colours.

Lord Dalkeith, Master of the Hounds, was present; Lord and Lady Dunglass came over from Springfield; Mr. C. B. and Lady Nina Balfour came from Newton Don with a bevy of pretty girls, among them Lady Sybil Grey, Miss Lambton, and Miss Howard, Lady Nina wearing some magnificent diamonds. Lady Glamis, who was also in her party, brought her young daughter, Miss Lyon. Lady Beatrix and Capt. Dundas, who are at The Hirsch, had a large party, which included the Duchess of Montrose's daughter, Lady Hermione Graham, and Lady Margaret Douglas-Horne.

Lady Lilian Campbell, Lady Rothes (wearing lovely jewels), and Miss Lucy Scott accompanied Sir. Scott MacDougal, who also brought Lady Marjory Mackenzie of Gairloch, Miss Mildred Campbell, and Mrs. and Miss Fortescue. Lady Hay brought Miss Maitland, who came with Miss Spier of Culdees and Mrs. Charles Forbes of Nine-wells.

Dancing was kept up with great spirit to the early hours of the morning to the strains of Herr If's beautiful band.

There was a meet of the hounds yesterday morning in brilliant weather.

WEATHER AT THE WINTER RESORTS.

We have received the following reports from our special correspondents:—

Berlitz.	Cloudy; maximum, 57; minimum, 46.
Castro.	Sunny; forecast, cold; maximum, 67; minimum, 51.
Cannes.	Calm; ten hours' sunshine.
Menton.	Brilliant sunshine; maximum, 66; minimum, 54.
Naples.	Wet morning; fine afternoon; maximum, 61; minimum, 54.
Nice.	Sunshine; maximum, 54; minimum, 35.
San Remo.	Brilliant sunshine; midday temperature, 57.

NAVAL AND MILITARY.

Capt. the Hon. W. Rutven, Master of Rutven, Scots Guards, has resigned the regimental adjutancy. The 1st North Staffordshire Regiment arrived at Southampton from India yesterday after nearly twenty years abroad.

Colonel Indigo Jones, C.B., commanding the Regiment of Scots Guards, will be Field Officer in Brigade Waiting on the King during the visit of the Emperor of the Colonies. Colonel G. P. Bourcival is to leave England about the 9th of January, to take up command of the Army Service Corps in South Africa. Lieut. the Hon. C. Douglas-Pennant, Coldstream Guards, has been approved for A.D.C.-camp to Major-General Sir R. H. Pole-Carew, K.C.B., commanding the 8th Division of the Third Army Corps at Cork.

AMUSEMENTS.

HAYMARKET. COUSIN KATE.
TO-NIGHT at 8.30 by SHADES OF NIGHT.
MATINEE WEDNESDAYS and SATURDAYS, at 2.30.

HIS MAJESTY'S. MR. TREE.
TO-NIGHT and EVERY EVENING, at 8.15.

Shakespeare's
KING RICHARD II.

MATINEE TO-MORROW and EVERY SATURDAY, 2.15.
Box-office (Mr. F. J. Turner), ten to ten.—HIS MAJESTY'S.

IMPERIAL THEATRE Westminster
Lessee and Manager, Mr. LEWIS WALLER.
TO-NIGHT and TO-MORROW EVENING, at 8.30.
MONSIEUR BEAUCAIRE.
MATINEE TO-MORROW and EVERY SATURDAY, 2.30.
TWO SPECIAL FINEST WEDNESDAYS, Dec. 2 and 9.
Box-office open 10 till 10. —IMPERIAL.

COURT THEATRE. Mr. J. H. Leigh.
Last Two Weeks of THE TEMPEST.
TO-NIGHT and TO-MORROW EVENING, at 8.30.
MATINEES TO-DAY, TO-MORROW, and DAILY NEXT WEEK, at 2.30.
Box-office open 10 till 10. Telephone, 5,024 Westminster.
50th PERFORMANCE and SOUVENIR NIGHT, Dec. 5.

SHAFTSBURY. Lessee, Geo. Musgrove.
WILLIAMS and WALKER, in DARMOEY.
The only real cake walk.
MATINEES WED. and SAT., 2.15. NIGHTLY, 8.15.

MR. GEORGE ALEXANDER.—AUTUMN TOUR.—THIS WEEK PRINCE OF WALES'S THEATRE, BIRMINGHAM. The run of OLD HELDREBBE will be resumed at the ST. JAMES'S on MONDAY, JANUARY 25.

PERSONAL.

SILVER and JEWELS bought for cash.—Catchpole and Williams, 510, Oxford-street, London, W. are prepared to purchase second-hand plate and jewels to any amount. Articles sent from the country receive immediate attention.

SEBORG'S HAIR DYE.—"Twin sister to nature." Undetectable.

SICK, sad, sorry, so. Locks without "Hinde's Curlers" 40s.

HINDE'S HAIR BIND. 6d. Essential new style coiffure.

LOST AND FOUND.

410 REWARD.—Lost, black cross, diamond in centre, attached jet chain.—Hall Porter, Empress Club, 35, Dorset-street, Piccadilly, London, W.

DOG LOST.—£20 Reward.—Lost, on Friday evening, Nov. 20, in the Marylebone High-street, an Aberdeen terrier. £20 reward will be paid on recovery.—Apply, in first instance, by letter, to "A. A. A.," c/o Willing's, 162, Piccadilly, London, W.

GENTLEMAN who found muff chain in Marlboro-road, June 15, will receive £3 reward upon bringing chain to 25, Kensington-place, S.W.

LOST. 24th, black fold panel, "Tiger" F. Lloyd Motterson on collar. Finder handsomely rewarded.—82, Tottenham-road, Kensington.

LOST. Sunday, between Burton-court and Rosetti Mansions, sable muff. Reward to anyone bringing to 38, Rosetti Mansions.

LOST. 25th, black toy Pomeranian dog, name "Quex" finder rewarded.—Apply 4, Montague-place, Russell-square.

LOST. on October 24, in the neighbourhood of Princes-street and Edgware-road Stations, fox terrier dog.—Whoever will return to 13, Harrington-gardens, Kensington, will receive 10s.

GOLD chain purse, with small spray of rose diamonds on it, and three turquoise hanging, lost on Tuesday, 24th, at or near De Vere-gardens.—£1 reward will be paid by Maurice Moses, Jeweller, 464, Oxford-street, W., for its recovery.

LEFT. Saturday evening last, on London Bridge Railway Station or in the vicinity, a brown leather brief bag, containing various documents and papers.—If returned to Mr. Clements, 22, Queen's-theatre-road, St. James's, good reward paid.

INEXPENSIVE FURNITURED OAK FURNITURE, IN THE MODERN STYLE, FOR BEDROOM AND DINING-ROOM.

NEW CATALOGUE JUST ISSUED.

WILLIAM SPRIGGS and CO. (Ltd.),
239, 239, 240, 241, TOTTENHAM COURT-ROAD, W.

MRS. POMEROY, 29, OLD BOND STREET, LONDON. Liverpool: 35, Bold-street. Dublin: 39, Grafton-street. Cape Town: 18, Strand-street. The premier authority in the world on Hygienic Completion Treatment and Electrolysis gives consultation and advice, quite free of charge, personally, 11 to 5; Saturdays 11 to 1; or by correspondence, and will send her "Beauty Rules," helpful and interesting to every woman, gratis and post free from any of the above, her only addresses.

COAL, 16s. 6d.—UNEQUALLED IN LONDON.
INLAND COLLIERIES SUPPLY COMPANY,
105, Pancraserd, N.W., and Somers Town High Level, N.W.
Inn of Silchester, 105, Silchester, N.W.
Best Brights 20s. 0d. Colliers 16s. 6d.
Range Nuts 19s. 0d. Coke (per sack) 1s. 3d.
All qualities special value; trial solicited. Tel. 779 E.C.

BIRTHS.

DIGBY.—On Nov. 24, at 39, Belgrave-square, S.W., the Lady Digby, of a son.

LENOX CONYNGHAM.—On Nov. 20, at Rathmore, Portm., Ireland, the wife of Major W. A. Lenox Conyngham, of a son.

WELSH.—On the 24th inst., at Linby Lodge, Knaustford, the wife of W. Welsh, of a son.

YATES.—On the 25th inst., at Oporto, the wife of James A. Yates, of a son.

MARRIAGES.

HICKS-REACH-CHRISTIAN.—On the 25th inst., at St. Barnabas', Pimlico, by the Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of London, the Rev. Frederick Hicks-Reach, of Wilcombe Park, Gloucestershire, to Miss, daughter of Admiral Henry Christian, Chief Constable of Gloucestershire.

HINTON-CADOGAN.—On Nov. 25, at St. Luke's Church, Chelsea, by the Rev. L. McNellie Shillford, Harry Hinton, of Malabar, to the Hon. Mrs. Charles Cadogan, widow of the late Captain the Hon. Charles Cadogan, Grandeur Guard.

PRATT-ST. LO.—On Saturday, Nov. 14, at St. Saviour's Church, St. George's-square, London, S.W., Frederick Pratt, of the Indian Civil Service, to Blanche End Malot St. Lo.

DEATHS.

ASTLE.—On the 25th inst., at Bexhill, Ellen Emily (Nellie), aged 41, wife of W. G. Devon Astle, of The Cedars, Bickley, Kent, daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Ellen Smith, of 41, Lotherbury, E.C., and Iver, Kent, Surrey.

COCHRANE.—On the 25th inst., at Oakfield House, Gosforth, Newcastle-on-Tyne, William Cochrane, in his 67th year, Rector of Keston.

POYNTON.—On Nov. 22, at the Rectory, Keston, Somerset, Francis John Poynton, M.A., Oxon, aged 76, for 45 years Rector of Keston.

REYNOLDS.—On Nov. 17, 1903, at Yeovil, Elizabeth Reynolds (née Vivian), third daughter of the late John Vivian, Esq., of Redmire, Camborne, Cornwall.

TRYON.—On the 23rd inst., at 8, Epsalonde-gardens, Scarborough, Mrs. Charles Tryon, of Abinger, Cheshire. Friends will kindly accept this, the only intimation.

NOTICES TO READERS.

The Editorial, Advertising, and General Business Offices of the *Daily Mirror* are:—
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45 AND 46, NEW BOND-STREET, LONDON, W.
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TELEGRAPHIC ADDRESS: "Reflexed," London.
PARIS OFFICE: 35, Rue Taibout.

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The *Daily Mirror* is sent direct by post to any part of England at the rate of 11d. a day (which includes postage), payable in advance; or it is sent for one month on receipt of 3s. 6d. for three months, 9s. 6d.; for six months, 19s. 6d.; or for a year, 39s.
To subscribers abroad the terms are: For three months, 10s. 6d.; for six months, 20s. 6d.; for twelve months, 39s.; payable in advance.
Remittances should be crossed "Barclay and Co., and made payable to the Manager, *Daily Mirror*."

TO CONTRIBUTORS.—The Editors of the *Daily Mirror* will be glad to consider contributions, conditionally upon their being typed (or written and accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope. Contributions should be addressed plainly to the Editors, *The Daily Mirror*, 2, Carmelite-street, London, E.C., with the word "Contribution" on the outside envelope. It is imperative that all manuscripts should have the writer's name and address written on the first and last pages of the manuscript, not on flyleaf only, nor in the letter that may possibly accompany the contribution.

The Daily Mirror.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 27, 1903.

TO-DAY'S REFLECTIONS.

Reading as an Art.

THE news that the Libraries Committee of the Borough of Stepney are making an experiment in the systematising of home reading suggests some thoughts on the possible benefits of such a plan, as well as its probable abuses, unless a very careful selection is made of subjects and lecturers. At each of the five centres controlled by the Libraries Committee a beginning has been made, and we are informed that under its fatherly guidance twenty-five inhabitants of Limehouse are now deep in "RUSKIN as an Art Teacher," thirty Mile Enders are studying "England's Naval Power," that White-chapel boasts twenty students of English literature, while at the Borough Museum thirty souls are engaged in a course of Folklore.

The idea seems to us admirable; the choice of subjects rather less so. The Stepney Borough Council controls what is probably the poorest and most ignorant part of London—a district with a population of some three hundred thousand people. It is obvious that the reason which has induced the Council to make this experiment is the utter neglect of the public libraries by the people for whom they are provided. Why do they neglect them? Because they have no taste for solid reading. And why have they no such taste? Surely because they lack the general education which alone makes literature intelligible and attractive; because their minds are so ill furnished with the commonest of intellectual necessities that they have no means of understanding or using knowledge on special subjects. And it is from this point of view that we are inclined to criticise the Stepney plan. How should a man study intelligently the history of England's naval power while he is ignorant of the rudiments of English History? And how understand English History if he have not some general knowledge of the history of the human race as a whole? As for RUSKIN superimposed on crass ignorance it reminds us of nothing so much as *foie gras* taken on an empty stomach.

If, however, the Council were to choose broader and more general subjects we cannot help thinking that their interesting experiment would become much more valuable. We cannot nourish babies on Lord Mayors' Banquets, neither can we nourish intellectual infancy on any but the plainest diet. And in this connection, we would want to Oxford and Cambridge, we would want the Council against the taint of the University Extension movement. Excellent work as that movement has done and still does in the suburbs, we cannot but feel that in the East End it should be avoided like the plague. Its atmosphere is not and cannot be congenial to stark ignorance, to the mind that is craving for the barest necessities. For such a mind lectures cannot be too simple; nor must they leave the impression that the lecturer is poised upon a pinnacle

of learning to which his audience can never hope to attain.

The whole subject of systematic reading, however, is one which should be studied in many places besides Stepney. Strange as it may seem to some weary pilgrims to the shrine of MUDIE, solid reading is the one simple cure for literary boredom. Why does the confirmed novel-reader, with whom the consumption of fiction has become, like drug-taking, a bad habit, continually protest against the dullness of all novels? Why, except that his or her mind is so sated and stodge with one kind of writing that it has become wearied to death of it. But it is astonishing how a certain amount of general knowledge will make even a dull book interesting, because the reader brings something to the reading of it other than a mere gaping receptivity. The critical faculties are developed; and without some critical process there is no such thing as true literary appreciation. This, we think it only right to add, is not an advertisement of the Encyclopedia Britannica.

THE FAITHFUL RETAINER: MODERN STYLE.

By A. M. D.

SOME time ago there was published in one of the magazines a series of letters between Mrs. Carlyle and her housemaid, which showed a relation between mistress and servant based not only on sympathy but affection. And a day or two ago, in the Divorce Court, a letter was read, written by a servant on behalf of her mistress, which sounded like a page from some classic human document, such a world of devotion did it breathe.

In the face of the dissatisfaction with servants, which constantly finds vent in the daily papers, there are many people who will hardly believe that such a relationship between mistress and servant as is shown in these letters is possible. And yet thousands of women among the class that read the *Daily Mirror* can testify to a like relationship between themselves and their servants, and many will admit that they owe more to their devotion and loyalty than they can hope ever to repay.

The fact is that those who are satisfied do not trouble to raise their voices. It needs dissatisfaction to goad one into passionate protest. For hundreds of people who will write to the papers complaining of barrel-organs, hardly six will write to say they like them. And yet the fact that organ grinders subsist on their earnings points to a public willing to contribute to their support.

If the better class of mistresses were polled, the number of those anxious to do away with servants and have the domestic machinery worked by automata would be in the minority. Yet, when the papers ring with abuse of them, and we are told that the servant problem is the rock on which domestic happiness is wrecked, and so forth, scarcely anyone ventures to say a word in their defence, or to suggest that most of us would find ourselves considerably the poorer if called upon to do without the devotion, the sympathy, the support, and, last, but not least, the companionship of our servants.

In addition to the qualities of honesty, sobriety, and loyalty, in which the servant class excels, many people are, so to speak, kept on their legs by their servants. Scores of naturally untidy, unpunctual women owe the good appearance they present to the world at large entirely to their maids, who brush them, mend them, tidy them, pack them off at the right moment for their engagements, and betray, generally, the keenest desire that they shall comport themselves in a manner befitting their position, and show themselves to best advantage.

Calling the other day on two ladies who by pecuniary losses were reduced from a large establishment to a flat with one maid-servant, I was amused to hear one say to the other: "Do dress to-night, just to please Margaret." It appeared that Margaret, an old retainer, who could not endure the thought that her mistresses should give up civilized habits because they were reduced to one maid-servant, was in the habit of putting out their things every evening, as she had been wont, and took very much to heart the tendency one of the ladies betrayed to ignore the gentle hint.

It must be said on behalf of mistresses that this devotion is often repaid with true affection, and that the loss of one of these faithful friends is looked upon as a real calamity. "My dear," said a smart little lady the other day, whose maid had left her to be married, "when Parker left me, I did not weep for days only, I wept for weeks!"

EARLY VICTORIAN GOSSIP.

A NINETEENTH CENTURY PEPYS.

THE CREEVEY PAPERS. Edited by Sir Herbert Maxwell, John Murray.

SIR HERBERT MAXWELL has gathered into two handsome volumes the correspondence and diaries of Thomas Creevey, M.P. The record is one of the frankest revelations that have been published of the Court and political life of the latter end of the eighteenth and the early part of the nineteenth centuries.

Who was Thomas Creevey? That he was sometime M.P. for Thetford and afterwards for Appleton is about all that can be stated with certainty. The remarkable thing about him is that, in spite of his lacking both birth and fortune, he enjoyed in a remarkable degree, and throughout his life, the confidence of the great people of his period.

A Scandalous Chronicle.

Sir Herbert Maxwell tells us that he has been obliged to omit a huge proportion of matter too scandalous for publication, but he has not been restrained by any exaggerated sense of prudery. In these papers great people appear as they appeared to their valets and their maids.

The most respectable person in the very mixed company which surrounded the Prince Regent, afterwards George IV., was undoubtedly the Regent's morganatic wife, Mrs. Fitzherbert. Both Mr. and Mrs. Creevey testify to the good nature and good sense of this unfortunate lady. The Prince himself figures in these pages in a more amiable light than that to which Thackeray and other historians have accustomed us, but, in his manners were on occasions supremely elegant, his tastes were undeniably those of the staid.

"You never saw such a figure in your life as he is," said the Duke of Wellington, "There he speaks and swears so like old Falstaff that I am if I was not ashamed to walk into a room with him."

Thomas Creevey and his step-daughters, the Misses Ord, formed part of the fashionable throng that gathered in Brussels at the time of the battle of Waterloo.

Just before Waterloo Creevey had an interesting conversation with the Duke of Wellington. "Let me ask you, Duke, what you think you will make of it?" He stopped, and said in the most natural manner: "I think Blücher and myself can do the thing." "Then seeing a private soldier of one of our infantry regiments enter the park, gazing about at the statues and images—'There,' he said, pointing at the soldier, 'it all depends upon that article whether we do the business or not. Give me enough of it, and I am sure.'"

Queen Victoria's Girlhood.

The references to Queen Victoria ("Little Vic," as Creevey terms her) in these volumes are fairly numerous and full of piquancy. A description of a royal night at the Opera in King William IV.'s time deserves special notice.

"Billy 4th at the Opera was everything one could wish; a most *Wapping* air I defy a king to have—his hair five times as full of *poudre* as mine, and his seaman's gold-lace cock-and-pinch hat was charming. He slept most part of the Opera—never spoke to anyone, or took the slightest interest in the concern. . . . I was sorry not to see more of Victoria; she was in a box with the Duchess of Kent, opposite, and, of course, rather under us. When she looked over the box I saw her, and she looked a very nice little girl indeed.

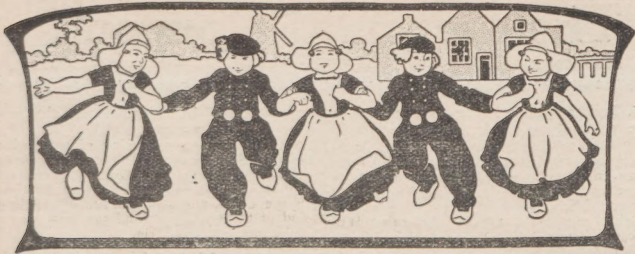
Under the date, July 29th, 1837, there is a characteristic reference to the Princess, who was now in the first year of her reign:—"On the 21st or 22nd of July, she was as much idolised as ever, except by the Duchess of Sutherland, who received a very proper snub from her two days ago. She was half-an-hour late for dinner, so little Vic told her that she hoped it might not happen another time; for, though she did not mind in the least waiting herself, it was very unpleasant to keep her company waiting."

A Loveable Little Queen.

Then we have Queen Victoria telling her Prime Minister, Lord Melbourne, that "he eats too much," and playing chess with him in the evening. Creevey was presented to the Queen informally at Brighton. "She was told by Lord Conyngnam that I had not been presented, upon which a scene took place that to me was truly distressing. The poor little thing could not get her glove off. I never so annoyed in my life; yet what could I do? But she blushed and laughed and pulled, till the thing was done, and I kissed her hand. . . . A more homely little being you never beheld, when she is at her ease, and she is evidently dying to be always more so. . . . She blushes and laughs every instant in so natural a way as to disarm anybody. Her voice is perfect, and so is the expression of her face when she means to say or do a pretty thing."

The amiability and simplicity of the little lady who was destined to achieve the most glorious reign in English history must have been remarkable indeed to impress a hardened cynic of the Creevey stamp. Queen Victoria is one of the few people mentioned in these records for whom Creevey has anything kindly to say.

"The Creevey Papers" are not exactly for the young person, but they reflect imitatively the inner life of the Regency, and of the Courts of George IV. and William IV.



The Dado Style.

Raphael Tuck.

CHRISTMAS CARD ART.

SUPPLYING THE DEMAND FOR SOMETHING NEW.

PEOPLE who predicted the death of the Christmas card have evidently imagined a vain thing. To judge by the vast quantities that have been prepared to meet the Yuletide demand this year, it is obvious that the old-fashioned mode of greeting enjoys as great a vogue as ever.

It was at one time thought the picture postcard craze would kill the Christmas card of the familiar type. But the opposite has happened. The all-conquering postcard has itself yielded as a willing slave to Father Christmas.

The series of designs issued by Messrs. Hildesheimer this year indicates a strong ten-

dency on the part of the public to appreciate the pictorial postcard specially adapted to Yuletide greetings. The works of Shakespeare and Dickens, both in their way apostles of the gospel of Christmas jollity, furnish most of the inspiration for the charming series illustrative of popular authors. The greeting is inscribed on the address side of the card, and the picture takes the form of a group of favourite characters with appropriate quotations.

Picture cards printed in platinotype and photogravure are high in favour. For cards coloured by hand the newest design is one of embossed flowers. The private greeting

card is decorated with photogravures of popular pictures, such as those of Miss Maude Goodman, whose subjects lend themselves so well to reproduction. Another speciality is the coloured parchment Christmas card with borderings, the mauve and white in charming designs and shades appealing specially to women. A very pretty card in pale lilac has a wedgwood figure on the outside, which stands out as clear cut as a cameo.

Chinese who Like Christmas Cards.

Humour is a quality much in request this season—possibly because times have been so depressing that a laugh is doubly welcome. Messrs. Raphael Tuck and Son have pro-

duced some extremely diverting designs which are bound to attain great popularity. It is interesting to hear that these cards, as well as others issued by this firm, are enjoying a vogue in China, of all places in the world. Ah Sin, the childlike and bland, understands nothing of the words of greeting—perhaps he would not buy if he did—but his æsthetic and humorous side is tickled.

Expensive Cards Out of Date.

Expensive cards are now out of date. Last season a duchess ordered a twelve-guinea series to be sent to friends. This year the highest price for a card is five guineas, and even that figure is an exception. The ordinary range is from the humble halfpenny to a half-guinea, but there are few who care to go even as far as the latter figure.

One of the most popular private greeting cards is that issued by Messrs. Delgado, showing a photogravure of "Old Holborn." This is selling by the thousand, which shows that views of the quaint old London, now fast disappearing, are treasured in every portion of the globe.

The religious Christmas card is seen chiefly in two designs, both inscribed with the words "Good will to all men." It is a sign of our innate English conservatism that scarcely any fresh form of greeting finds favour in the eyes of the public. Out of fifty-four of the ordinary greetings, the hackneyed form of words, "To wish you the old, old wish" was selected by ninety-nine people out of a hundred. The old-fashioned Christmas verses have, however, quite disappeared—which is, perhaps, as well for the literary taste of the nation.

One new form of card is shaded, with the initial of the sender stamped outside. These are, in fact, highly popular, and should be specially favoured by members of the Tariff Reform League. There is no suspicion of "dumping" about them. They are all designed and printed in England.

For the many practical people who show a



The Decorative Style.—In this species the greeting is more important than the design.

Delgado.

a suitable wish, will specially appeal. No Christmas Day table would be complete without the calendars that arrive to please both young and old, and Messrs. Davidson Brothers have made a special feature of these as Christmas cards. Celluloid and marbled moiré are the materials appealing more to the hundreds who prefer to buy their cards by the dozen, but the more recherché type, printed on silk, find an appreciative public. Among the cards issued by this firm are some specially and exclusively designed for them by Tom Brown, Dudley Hardy, John Hassall, and Ludovici, all of whom appeal to the humorous side of life. The comic element of sports and pastimes is the distinguishing feature. Taken as a whole, cards this year, if not strikingly novel in design, are in the best of taste, and show a distinct advance in colour and execution.

OLD IRISH HOSPITALITY.

The following story of Irish hospitality occurs in Mr. Filson Young's new book, "Ireland at the Cross Roads," which has just been published:—

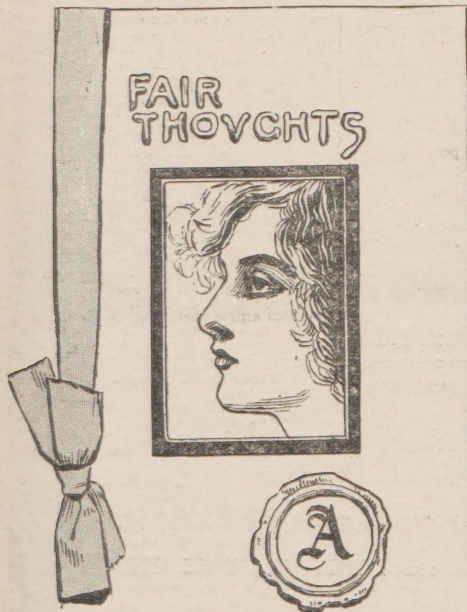
It was a house in Galway, the seat of one of the oldest Galway families, noted for its hospitalities. Once when a dance was being given there, and the invitations had been on the handsome scale of the entertainment, it was discovered that about twice as many people had been offered accommodation as the house could put up.

But such a matter did not trouble the genial hosts. Dancing went on until about four o'clock in the morning, when the ladies all retired and filled the available beds in the house.

There they slept in peace until seven o'clock, when they were awakened by the passage of the butler up and down the corridors, ringing a loud bell, and crying out: "Get up, girls; the boys wants the beds!"

£2,000 WORTH OF DICKENS.

In the version of "The Cricket on the Hearth," which Mr. Bourchier will produce at the Garrick Theatre on a Tuesday evening next, he will endeavour, in his own words, to go "as



The Fair Woman Style.—Much favoured by bachelors.

John Walker.



Art Nouveau Style.—A card that suggests æsthetic tastes.

Delgado.

duced some extremely diverting designs which are bound to attain great popularity. It is interesting to hear that these cards, as well as others issued by this firm, are enjoying a vogue in China, of all places in the world. Ah Sin, the childlike and bland, understands nothing of the words of greeting—perhaps he would not buy if he did—but his æsthetic and humorous side is tickled.

Perhaps the "Aasi" cards are highest in favour. Over three thousand new designs have been issued this season. Cynics may find a little food for diversion in one fact concerning this class of greeting. It was formerly the custom of Messrs. Raphael Tuck

into a square white pocket inscribed with the appropriate Christmas wishes. Plain note-paper cards, with a bordering of flowers, have also taken hold of popular taste. Imitation porcelain, decorated with picturesque heads in colours, are to be seen in large numbers, and to lovers of rigid severity the private address card, inscribed merely with

near to Dickens as he can for £2,000," the approximate cost of his production, rather than in the words of old Caleb Plummer, "for sixpence." In the third "Chirp," or act, the pages of Dickens descriptive of John Peerybingle's night of troubled reverie, will be illustrated by a dream after the method of "The Bells" and "Rip Van Winkle."

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Of the Jovial School.—Intended to remind the elderly of Auld Lang Syne.



Christmas Greeting fair I send
warm & true from faithful friend

The Mortley Style.—A Good-humoured Greeting.

Raphael Tuck.

Great Bridge Contest: The Seventh Coupon.

CONDUCTED BY ERNEST BERGHOLT.

To-day we issue the SEVENTH COUPON. Those who have not yet entered for the Tournament should procure copies of the *Daily Mirror* for Nov. 20, 24, and 26 (which contain the six previous coupons), and send in all the seven together, carefully observing the rules which follow. Those who have already sent in Coupons 1 to 6 have now to forward the coupon on this page.

£150 TO BE GIVEN AWAY.

Everybody who can play a game of Bridge can enter for the Tournament. The entrance fee is a mere trifle, and the prospective gain is very large. If you sit down to play a friendly rubber you may hold such bad cards that you necessarily lose, despite all your endeavours. But in the play of our coupons it does not matter whether you win or lose points; if the hand is played simply, straightforwardly, and well, you will win a prize.

THE CASH PRIZES.

The proprietors of the *Daily Mirror* offer, as a free gift, the sum of

ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY POUNDS.

One hundred pounds of this and the whole of the entrance fees received from the competitors will be divided among those who send in the best set or sets of replies to the complete series of coupons. If two or more competitors tie, the money will be divided equally among them. The remaining

FIFTY POUNDS.

will be distributed in consolation prizes among the unsuccessful competitors. Beginners need not be afraid to enter. Many experts will fail by hunting for difficulties which do not exist.

THE RULES.

1. Each competitor must cut out the diagrams, sign them at foot with full name and address, add the nom de guerre or initials which it is desired to use, pin the diagrams to the replies, and enclose the whole in an envelope, addressed to the Bridge Editor, *Daily Mirror*, 2, Carmelite-street, London, E.C., accompanied by a postal order for one shilling, crossed Barclay and Co.

There will only be one such entrance fee payable by each competitor during the whole of the Tournament.

2. The Tournament is open to both men and women.

3. New competitors may enter at any time during the progress of the Tournament; but

in such case a complete set of diagrams from the beginning must always be enclosed with the entrance fee.

4. The outside of the envelope must be legibly marked above the address: "*Daily Mirror* Bridge Tournament." Reasons for, or explanations of the play may be given, but no other communication or inquiry may be enclosed under the same cover. Requests for information, queries on points of Bridge play, suggestions, reports of hands dealt, etc., must invariably be sent under separate cover.

5. Each coupon must be accompanied by one mode of play only, as the competitor may decide. A competitor may send in as many complete sets of coupons as he or she likes, distinguishing each separate set by some letter or mark, and forwarding a P.O. for one shilling with the first coupon (or first batch of coupons) of each set. The reprint of a coupon need be taken no notice of by a competitor who has already sent in his or her reply to that coupon. Each complete set will be considered independently, but no single

competitor shall be entitled to more than one share of the prize money.

6. In all matters admitting of reasonable doubt the decision of the Bridge Editor (which will be given with the strictest impartiality) must be accepted as final.

7. No person in the employ of, or connected with the publication of, the *Daily Mirror* will be allowed to compete.

8. The above rules are subject to modification or correction before the competition closes.

Competitors are urged to send in their entries as early as possible.

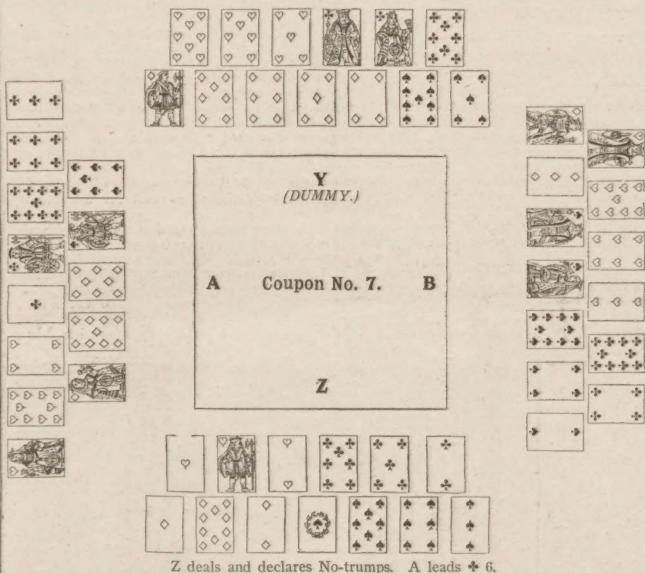
Back numbers can always be obtained through newsagents, or facsimile diagrams will be sent by the Bridge Editor on receipt of two penny stamps.

December 14 is the last day on which solutions from Great Britain will be received, but sufficient extra time will be allowed for residents in Ireland, the Channel Islands, and Europe.

BRIDGE DAY BY DAY.

REPLIES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"Cast Iron."—You will not be disqualified. "Receps."—We have substituted the correction. "E. H." (Ilkley).—You will find it is not a spade but a heart. "W. O. W."—The card would no doubt be useful to beginners. "R." (Beauchamp Hall).—Clerical errors should be avoided, if possible; but "the play is the thing." "Holmwood."—The Blenheim leads were given to assist competitors, not to hamper them. If you depart from them, add a note giving your reasons. "E. W." (Wimbledon).—Your useful suggestion was anticipated (in a rather more convenient form) by another reader. "Cheshire Cat."—When winning cards only remain in the hand which has the lead, the rest of the play is obvious and need not be written out. "John Cherry."—Conventions should not be applied mechanically; no good player would ever use one in a case where he saw it to be injurious or useless. "Saxon."—You will not be disqualified on account of the trifles to which you refer. "Pontoon."—We are much obliged for your intelligent and interesting comments. "M. W."—Each deal is independent of the others. "W. H. F."—The Hellespontine system of discard would be found too difficult for our readers. The passage you quote refers only to a trump declaration.



Write out in some convenient form what you consider to be the correct play of the above deal. The cards are not to be played as if they were all known, but just as they would fall in an ordinary game. Dummy's (Y's) hand being the only one laid face upwards on the table. The object is not to make V Z win extra tricks—to which they are not fairly entitled—through the mistakes of A and B; but to record the play and the result, on the understanding that each player is to do his best, so far as he knows the cards.

State legibly at the head of your reply the total number of tricks won by Y and Z.

Name..... Nom de Guerre
Address..... or
Initials.....

About Brain

To get results you must FEED it.

The average man pays some little attention to food that builds muscle but NEVER GIVES HIS "THINKER" A THOUGHT.

Why?

Because he has yet to learn that Brain wastes away daily (exactly like muscle) and must be rebuilt daily by food selected for that purpose—the only way—

Else Brain Fag and Nervous Prostration sets in.

The things in food that make Brain and Nerve matter are Albumen and Phosphate of Potash, and these are found in such perfect proportion in

Grape=Nuts

that even a 10 days' trial of this scientific food will show renewed vigour and energy in the brain—clearer thinking powers—better memory—sharp, bright ideas. These are the reasons why

You can Do Things On a Grape-Nuts Diet.

The chance to give Grape-Nuts a fair trial is denied to none, for the weakest stomach can digest this food without trouble or effort. It is toothsome and delicious, and is fully cooked at factory, so that it is ready for immediate service, with cream or rich milk (hot or cold) or in a great variety of dishes described in the recipe book in each package.

EVERY OUNCE OF GRAPE-NUTS TELLS.

There's a Reason.

A Smart and Picturesque Trousseau.

AN ORIGINAL WEDDING GOWN.

THERE is a story told of a very well-known milliner, now with us no more, that once a gentleman who accompanied a client exclaimed scornfully on hearing the long price of an apparently simple hat, "I don't see anything in that to make it worth five guineas!"

The milliner is said to have retorted, "with more wit than politeness, 'It has something in it you haven't got, sir—brains.'"

And certainly considerable modistic and artistic brain-power must have been expended in the designing of the unique bridal gown worn by Miss Pearson yesterday, such a marvellous example was it of the art which conceals art; simple in the extreme, yet withal exceeding rich in material and detail. It was a robe in Venetian style, to delight the veriest epicure in dress, composed of ivory mouseline velvet, the youthful bodice and exquisitely-arranged sleeves draped with Brussels point lace. The long, long train of velvet turned over at the sides to reveal a lining of thick corded silk embroidered at the edge with pendant mulberries and their leaves and was held on the shoulders by the pearl embroidery which surrounded the arm-holes.

The same artistic feeling was displayed in the head-wear, which, instead of being a heavy and unbecoming lace arrangement, weighing down and spoiling the coiffure, consisted of a little Juliet cap, supporting a simple tulle veil over the golden hair, the veil itself being lightly embroidered at the edge with pearls in a design of scallops and lovers' knots.

Novel Bridesmaids.

Following this most picturesque bride came three dainty little maidens, clad also in ivory chiffon velvet, bearing sprays of lilies instead of the conventional bouquets, which were also discarded by the elder bridesmaids, who carried instead huge black fox muffs, and wore large bunches of gardenias in the front of their velvet gowns.

The colour of these gowns was the golden brown called mordoré. They were made in Empire coat style with a simulated opening down one side of the front indicated by tiny buttons and cords. The sleeves and coat were cut all in one, and over the latter fell a deep-pointed collar of Mechlin lace. The hats were of velvet, with one graceful plume.

The going-away gown presented another triumph in golden brown adorned with embroideries, and accompanied by matchless sable furs and a velvet hat boasting shaded plumes. While the magnificent, long, full-skirted coat, also in velvet, had a sable pelerine, caught at the throat with a couple of ribbon roses.

In Plaster White.

Among the other lovely frocks which were included in the trousseau of this lucky bride was a plainer white cloth with a novel tracery of stitching. The collar showed a facing of moiré ornamented with the silver embroidery here and there. The under-blouse was of accordion muslin and Valenciennes insertion, which frothy commingling of fabrics escaped in double frills from an elegantly-cut, wide

sleeve. At the neck appeared a dainty little cravat tie in bronze green; a colour picked up again in the parrot which had alighted on the cream cogue feathers surrounding the crown of a wide white beaver hat, while the final touch of luxury was given to a perfect costume by a magnificent set of white fox fur.

An Envious Possession.

Most enviable was a creation made of silver-grey velvet, with a skirt in which the remarkably wide tucks were headed with a couple of pipings. The very full blouse coat was gathered about the shoulders into an empiece-ment of chinchilla, a fur dedicated to the big

sented a surfeit of novel and beautiful ideas. But the limits of time and space withhold me, and one can only acknowledge in conclusion a debt to Mr. Hiley, of Maison Jay, for his courtesy in allowing an interview with these lovely creations.

BARGAINS OF THE DAY.

Madame Lacy, 11, Warwick-street, W., is disposing at a great reduction of some charming matinees, in silk, muslin, and flannel; these goods are all hand-made and exclusive models.

Messrs. Charles Lee and Son, 100, Wigmore-street, have made an exceptional pur-

A MOOT POINT.

THE MATINEE HAT OR BONNET DE THEATRE.

ALTHOUGH each year, owing to our own advancement in matters of fashion, may render us more independent of our neighbours across the water, we may still adopt many of their ideas as to our own comfort and the general benefit. In conjunction with our American cousins, the French have long recognised the facts that the theatre is to be looked upon as a place of recreation rather than a social function—that we meet together there for the purpose of looking on and not being looked at, and that the clothes worn on such occasions should be those which are most suited to the conditions. With regard to evening performances there is little to be said.

What Common Sense Dictates.

There can be no two opinions as to the common sense and, one might add, the sense of delicacy which dictates, both in France and America, that womenkind should use demi-toilette exclusively as their theatre-going garb. The common-sense point of view is obvious. The theatre in England more especially is an expensive form of entertainment and at present within the reach of the few, and the outlay is considerably increased by the fact that the dresses worn by the women are of a kind to render cabs a necessity, where the humbler train or omnibus might otherwise be as efficacious a mode of locomotion.

In France and America any other kind would be the exception—never the rule. Again, on hygienic principles, common sense urges that more colds are contracted in theatres than anywhere else, and this is another unimpeachable argument in favour of dresses which cover the more sensitive parts of the wearer's person. We are a nation of prudes, and yet in so much do we show an utter lack of real delicacy. We bare our arms and shoulders and even our backs to the gaze of a crowd of entire strangers, and invite the coarse criticism of the man in the pit.

These, however, are matters for our own consideration— affecting ourselves merely in their results.

But there is a matter which has become one of public interest, which affects that public's comfort and convenience, and one on which sooner or later we are bound to give way—the headgear which we may elect to wear at the matinee performances.

A Parisian Point of View.

As part of an audience we share equal rights and privileges with it: we all pay to witness a certain play, and it should be a matter of honour with us that we do nothing to defraud our neighbour of his proper view, or to in any way interfere with his comfort or convenience. And yet for seasons past up to the present day hats of a size to be entirely obstructive to the general view are almost exclusively worn. Public opinion has expressed itself so strongly on this point that women are, in a manner, forced to remove their hats when asked to do so; but the offenders are so numerous that it would be impossible to clear them entirely from the line of vision.

The remedy is so simple and so obvious—we have but to take another leaf out of the book of those who are apt to study the good of the community rather than the individual, and adopt a mode of headgear which cannot in any way interfere with the rights or enjoyment of our fellow onlookers. We are even saved the trouble of invention in the matter. The Parisians try to show us the way in the dainty chapeau de theatres, which are so universally worn, and it only remains for us to adapt them to our own personalities.



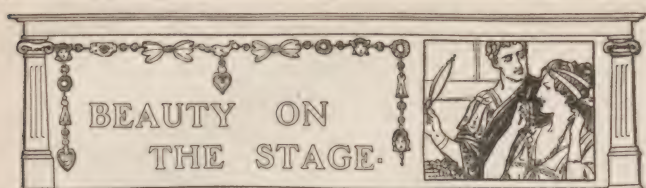
The Elegant Bridal Toilette worn by Miss Gertrude Pearson, now Lady Denman, at her wedding yesterday.

muff; and a vest of sapphire blue and silver, with a silk beaver hat in the same colour, completed another elegant ensemble. A lovely afternoon gown was in petunia-coloured cloth with silver embroidery, a simple lace collar, and beautiful chinchilla furs; the youthful hat of white felt being half-lined with a lace frill and simply trimmed with petunia satin ribbon and roses in red and the faded shades. While to return to velvet, a very smart frock in black and white check with a bodice which reached the acmé of combined simplicity and elaboration had a belt of green and gold galon, and was attended by a chapeau of black beaver with a strap of green, embroidered in gold. Then the evening gowns devoted to this most beautiful of trousseaux pro-

chase in lovely old Greek laces, of quality and design chiefly appropriate to household linen, and are offering the same at veritably bargain prices.

Peter Robinson, Oxford-street.—The Xmas Bazaar there is justifying all promises made on its behalf. The choice is as unique as it is comprehensive, and there are no more moderate prices in all London.

Madame Valerie, 12, New Burlington-street, W., starts a sale on Monday, November 30, for three days only to clear off model hats at greatly reduced prices, preparatory to paying a further visit to Paris to find mid-season novelties. The bargains will be well worth securing.



BEAUTY ON THE STAGE.

FAIR COMPLEXIONS GAINED BY
SIMPLE AND SENSIBLE MEANS.

THE beauty specialist of the *Daily Mirror* has asked the opinion of several famous actresses as to the care they advocate for the complexion. Their very interesting and helpful replies are recorded as follows:—

Actresses in Accord.

Without exception, every actress agreed as to the absolute necessity of passing a certain time in the fresh air every day, and of indulging in some form of exercise—be it walking, cycling, golfing, or any other outdoor pastime. Baths every day were, of course, taken for granted, and there was a general unanimity in favour of a warm bath followed by a cold douche. Simplicity of diet was another point on which agreement was expressed, and though there exists a prevalent idea that many actresses partake of luxurious suppers on their arrival home after the fatigues of the evening, it was found that this notion was absolutely erroneous. Several actresses, in point of fact, invariably have nothing but bread and milk for supper. Miss Olga Nethersole is one who prefers this simple repast to any other.

The Care of the Skin.

Now there are some actresses who declare they take no particular care of their complexions, and follow no special rules. Miss Ellaline Terriss says she is among these, and pins her faith to all outdoor exercises for the preservation of her health. She is also among the majority who deny that stage "make-up" harms the skin provided the complexion is thoroughly cleansed at night after the performance. "Alas!" exclaims Miss Constance Collier, in accents of self-reproach, "I do nothing of interest for my complexion and I don't think 'make-up' bad for the skin, though it depends on the skin, of course. I really take no pains to keep it in order, except that I walk and ride a good deal."

Other Opinions.

The lovely complexion of Miss Mary Moore is attributed to the fact that she is a worshipper of fresh air and a strong advocate of a very simple diet. Her own practice is to drink after or during her meals a certain brand of mineral water, and she very rarely, if ever, touches wine. She is also a believer in washing the face with soap and water, and uses a soap compounded of tar and pine. One of the stars of musical comedy, Miss Edna May, advocates two baths a day, a warm one in the morning, followed by a cold douche, and a tepid one at night. The bath-water is softened by cloudy ammonia, which acts as a stimulant to the skin. This fair American washes her face, first with hot water and a certain kind of violet soap, and then closes the pores by bathing the face freely in ice-cold water.

All women will be interested to hear that in the opinion of a Harley-street specialist the use of a flannel or a soft face brush is necessary to cleanse the cuticle of the face thoroughly well. Miss Sarah Brooke is a believer in this advice, and uses a medicated soap to keep her

complexion in order. She also advocates a simple diet, and avoids French or highly-spiced dishes, while she only drinks mineral water or, occasionally, a little claret. She believes that a perfect digestion is the real secret of a good complexion, and of the various health resorts to which she was sent when run down, she thinks that Kissingen stands supreme as being the place which gave her back strength and vitality.

Two Meals a Day.

The no-breakfast disciples find a follower in Miss Charlotte Granville, whose main contention as to the best way of preserving one's health and complexion is two meals a day and plenty of vigorous exercise. Skipping, golfing, cycling, walking, and motoring are all pastimes that can be indulged in the open air, and are, therefore, supported by this actress. She confesses to the somewhat dangerous practice of washing her hair in petrol, but, of course, takes every precaution against danger.

In the curative value of the Swedish treatment for nervous ills, which thus brings about the result of renewed health, Miss Helen Ferrers is a strong believer. Since undergoing this treatment she has never suffered from a cold, and cannot be too grateful for the process. Cold water and soap, and sleeping with the window open in her room, are her prescriptions for a healthy skin, and every evening before going to bed she is careful to cleanse her face with cold cream, which is then well rubbed off with a soft rag, followed by a liberal application of cold water to the skin.

No Special Methods.

To use plenty of hot water and a pure, unscented soap and to avoid powder in the daytime is Miss Beatrice Ferrar's method of preserving the fine texture of her skin, while Miss Marie Studholme, whose complexion is a perfect picture, frankly avows she takes no care at all of her skin, and probably does everything she shouldn't. Miss Lettice Fairfax, the owner of a complexion of milk and roses, lives in the open air as much as possible, but otherwise follows no particular rules. Miss Ada Webster says that nothing is required to keep the complexion in good condition but cold water, friction with a rough towel, and an abundance of outdoor exercise, and Miss Nellie Bowman thinks that one should be careful to choose pure soaps for the skin. Miss Lily Hanbury, whose skin has the softness and smoothness of satin, never uses soap for her face, but believes in bathing it well with cold water. She considers that a warm bath every day is quite as beneficial for the complexion as a cold one, and with regard to her "make up" every night at the theatre invariably begins by rubbing cold cream well into her skin in order that the cuticle may not be injured by any of the cosmetics.

A summing up of the whole matter serves to prove that the rules prescribed by the above-mentioned possessors of beautiful complexions are thus founded on the right principles of hygiene, and may well be followed by every woman, whether on or off the stage.

SIMPLE DISHES.

The prices of the ingredients are quoted as from the West End shops.

No. 76.—KIDNEYS A LA BROCHETTE.
INGREDIENTS:—Six sheep's kidneys, two ounces of butter, two teaspoonsful chopped parsley, salt, pepper, lemon juice, six small squares of buttered toast.

Skin the kidneys, cut them open nearly in half so that they open book fashion; keep them in this position by skewering them with small skewers. Warm the butter till just oiled. Dip in the kidneys, lay them on a hot gridiron, and grill them for eight to ten minutes, turning them frequently.

Serve on the hot buttered toast, sprinkling on each a little chopped parsley, salt, pepper, and a drop or two of lemon juice. Serve them very hot.

Cost 1s. 11d. for six portions.

No. 77.—CARMEL CUSTARD.

INGREDIENTS:—Four ounces of loaf sugar, one egg of water, yolks of four eggs, whites of two eggs, half a pint of milk, half a tablespoonful of caster sugar, vanilla.

Put the loaf sugar and water into a copper sugar boiler or steel pan. Boil these quickly—do not stir them—till the syrup becomes a fairly dark coffee colour.

Pour this caramel quickly round some small dry moulds, when it will quickly harden.

Beat the yolks and whites together, but do not froth them. Add the milk and sugar, and flavour with vanilla. Pour into the moulds. Steam them very gently till set. Turn out carefully and serve hot or cold.

Cost 10d. for six portions.

No. 78.—SARDINE BOUCHÉES.

INGREDIENTS:—Six sardines, four teaspoonsful of grated Parmesan cheese, four oysters, one hard-boiled egg, chilli and tarragon vinegars, half a stale loaf.

Cut slices from the bread one and a quarter inches thick.

Stamp these out in rounds the size of the top of a cherry glass; with a smaller cutter remove the centres, but not right through, so that a hollow case is left.

Fry these cases in butter and keep them hot. Skin and pound the sardines with the cheese, adding vinegar to taste, and moisten it.

Beat and quarter the oysters, add them to the mixture, and season it highly.

Stir till very hot. Fill the cases with the mixture, and sprinkle the tops with powdered yolk of egg. Serve very hot.

Cost 1s. for six portions.

No. 79.—BERLIN STEAKS.

INGREDIENTS:—One pound of raw topside beef, two ounces of chopped suet, two teaspoonsful of chopped onion, three teaspoonsful of chopped parsley, one raw egg, three ounces of dripping, salt, pepper, mashed potato, two tablespoonsful of fried onions.

Finely chop the beef, mix it with the suet, onion, and parsley.

Season the mixture well, mix it stiffly with the beaten egg, and shape into round, flat cakes.

Put the dripping in a frying pan; when a faint smoke rises from it, put in the little steaks and fry them on each side a good brown colour.

Arrange the potato on a hot dish in a straight line down the centre. Place the steaks on this.

Have ready some very thinly cut rings of Spanish onion fried crisply in dripping. Put these at each end.

Cost 1s. 6d. for about ten portions.

"DAILY MIRROR" COVERS.

We have received several requests from our subscribers for reading-covers so arranged as to contain a week's set of the "Daily Mirror." We have, therefore, had prepared charming cloth covers, which can be obtained for 1/- by ordering at any newsagents or booksellers, or it can be forwarded direct by post on receipt of 1/-, which includes carriage. Address: The Publisher, "The Daily Mirror," 2, Carnarvon Street, E.C.

The advantage of the covers is that one has all the departments of the paper ready for reference.

A CHOICE OF DISHES.

BREAKFAST.

Fish Cutlets. Poached Eggs on Toast.
* Kidneys à la Brochette.
Game Pie. Pressed Pork.

LUNCH.

Barley Cream Soup. Fried Filleted Plaice.
Jugged Hare with Red Currant Jelly.
Mushroom Fritters. * Berlin Steaks.
Apple Tart. * Caramel Custards.
Cheese Fritters.

COLD DISHES.

Veal. Boiled Ham.
Steak and Pigeon Pie.

TEA.

Buttered Toast. Cucumber Sandwiches.
Petit Fours.
Walnut Cake. Chelsea Buns.

DINNER.

Clear Soup with Asparagus. Potato Purée.

FISH.

Oysters au Gratin. Soufflé of Fish.

ENTRÉE.

Pigeons à la Duchesse.
Mousse de Jambon.

ROAST.

Roast Sirloin of Beef. Chickens.

GAMME.

Roast Wild Duck. Broiled Grouse.

VEGETABLES.

Potato Snow. Jerusalem Artichokes.

SAUCES.

Maraschino Jelly. Peaches and Junket.

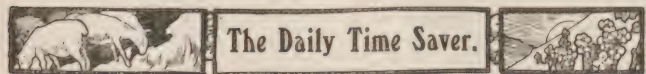
SAUCIERS.

Chutney Toast. * Sardine Bouchées.

ICE.

Neapolitan.

Recipes of all the dishes marked on this list with asterisks are given on this page.



The Daily Time Saver.

THE DISH OF THE DAY.

No. 23.—NOISSETTES DE PRÉ-SALÉ À LA DREUX.

By M. E. Ferrario, Chef of Romano's Restaurant.

Cut out of a loin of mutton six noisettes well shaped. Take a nice white celery and cut it as a julienne. Blanch for five minutes, and put on one side. Cook your noisettes in clarified butter, take them out rather underdone. Take out half your butter and add your celery. Cook for eight minutes.

Add a little esufade, and when reduced add one quarter of cream. Pour this over your noisettes, sprinkle over a little julienne of fresh truffles, and serve very hot.

Memoranda for Housekeepers.

The daily time-saver for housekeepers is intended to assist in the morning task of ordering the supplies for the day. Careful study of it will show that it has been so designed as to meet the requirements of those directing establishments conducted on a moderate scale of expense, as well as those on a grand scale.

The choice of dishes will be changed every day, and menus of any length can be easily drawn up from it. They will be specially devised to suit the needs of large and small families.

The lists were corrected at the various London markets on Thursday evening.

PROVISIONS IN SEASON.

Fish.
Cod. Mackerel. Whiting.
Herrings. Sprats. Whitebait. Turbot.
Brill. Dory. Lobsters.
Oysters. Prawns. Crabs.
Dublin Prawns.

Meat.

Beef. Pork. Veal. Mutton.

Game and Poultry.

Pheasants. Partridges. Hares. Snipe. Teal.
Grouse. Venison. Wild Duck.
Turkeys. Ducks. Geese.
Surrey Fowls.

Vegetables.

Sea Kale. Scotch Kale. Turnips.
Asparagus. Artichokes. Cabbage.
Celeriac. Batavia. Salads. Spinach.
Turnip Tops. Sorrel.

FRUIT IN SEASON.

Custard Apples. Pears. Oranges.
Melons. Figs. Pineapples.
Apples. Suits of all kinds.
Limes. Lyches. Cranberries.

FLOWERS IN SEASON.

Plants for the Table.
Roses. Scarlet Anthuriums. Mimosa.
Auratum Lilies. Red Lobelia.
Maidenhair Fern.
Smilax. Variegated Leaves.
Cut Flowers and Flowers in Pots.
Harrisi Lilies. Poinsettias.
Heath. Palms.
Chrysanthemums. Honesty.

THE HOLBORN SILK MARKET.

OUR XMAS SALE
IS NOW ON.

Grand Display of Silks, Satins, Transparent Silk Gauzes, Crepes, and Silks, Dress Materials, Lace Goods, Sequa and Lace Robes, Blouses, &c., &c., for Evening Wear. Great Variety of Goods suitable for Useful Presents. A Lot of Cheap Warm Materials Suitable for Charities.

LIGHT SILKS FOR EVENING WEAR.—We are making the best show we have ever made in all classes of goods. Sale prices: 63d., 83d., 93d., 103d., 1103., 122., 132., 142., 152., 172., 193., 1114., and upwards per yard.

SILK CHIFFONS, double widths, in White, Cream, and Light Evening Colours, only 63d.

LIGHT EVENING DRESS MATERIALS, double widths. 63d., 83d., 93d., 103d., 1103., 1142., 1172., 1193., 11114., 2163., and 2114.

MUSLINS, CHIFFONNETTE LAWNS, CRISOLINE MUSLINS, etc., FOR EVENING WEAR, very cheap.

LADIES' EVENING SKIRTS, OPERA CAPES, CLOAKS, etc., AT SPECIAL SALE PRICES.

ACCORDION-PLEATED NUSS VEILING ROBES, 12/11, 14/6, and 16/11 the Robe.

LADIES' JAPANESE SILK ROBES FOR EVENING WEAR, from 21/9 each.

WHITE FOXALINE FUR NECKLACES.—Special sale prices: 4/11, 5/11, 9/11, 12/11, and 16/11. Muffs to match: 6/11, 8/11, and 10/11.

LADIES' SHIRTS AND BLOUSES.—A very large variety in prices ranging from 2/11 to 2 guineas.

HANDSOME BLACK REQUIN LACE ROBES from 25/11 each.

FEATHER STOLIES in a great variety from 7/11 to 2 guineas.

Our circular giving full particulars sent post free. Our New Illustrated Fashion Lists forwarded post free.

PATTERNS SUBMITTED POST FREE.

SAMUEL LEWIS & CO., 5 to 11, Holborn Bars, E.C.

GLOVES AT WAREHOUSE PRICES.

SPECIAL. The "Antonia" Ladies' Real Kid Gloves, 4 Buttons, in Black, White, and all colours, 1/10 per pair, 10/6 per half-dozen pair.

HOSIERY, SPECIAL PURCHASE. Ladies' Black Cashmere Hosiery, with high Spliced Heels, full-fashioned English make. 1/7 PER PAIR. 3 Pairs for 4/6. Call or write for our Illustrated Price List.

THE LONDON GLOVE CO.,

Only Address: 45 & 45a, CHEAPSIDE, E.C.1; and 82 & 83, NEW BOND ST., W. LONDON.

"TUPPENCE" A DAY.

What is it? Well, it's 5s. a month, or, to put it more plainly, those two coppers will buy one of the finest Watches made. You only send 5s. to start with, the "Express" English Lever, 50s., is then forwarded to you, guaranteed British manufacture throughout, and warranted for seven years. If you are satisfied you complete the purchase in nine more monthly payments of 5s. If the Watch is not satisfactory, return it, and your deposit is instantly refunded. It is fitted with first-grade English Lever Movement, Capped and Jewelled, Safety Winding Pinion, Chronometer Balance, Massive Sterling Silver (Hall-marked) Cases, and all the latest improvements. No. 1 Catalogue of all classes of Watches post free. Agents wanted in spare time. Good commission. Write for terms.—J. G. Graves, 176, Division-street, Sheffield. —[ADVT.]

BEAUTY.

The Premier Authority on Electrical Hair Brushing. Invaluable in Cases of Neuralgia. ELECTROLYSIS. Facial, Neck, and Head Electric Massage. Ladies only received.

Hours 10.30 to 6. Saturdays till 1.30. MRS. SPENCER WARD, 5, Hanover St., Hanover Sq., W.

PRIVATE CHRISTMAS CARDS.

All "Daily Mirror" Readers are advised to WRITE TO MALCOLM McMEIKIN, 7, Red Lion St., Holborn. For Specimens of really Fashionable and Choice Styles. Sent you Post Free.

Beware of old-fashioned "Red-lined" Cards. SEE THIS DAINTY COLLECTION—COMPARE—PRICES.



Woman's Parliament.

A WORD FOR ENGLISH SERVANTS.

(To the Editor of the Daily Mirror.)

As an Englishwoman, I am bound to defend my own countrywomen, after reading the column entitled "The Masculine Servant," in a recent issue of your paper. I think the article is nothing less than an insult to all English servants.

Fancy holding foreign servants up in preference to your own countrymen and women simply because they are easily satisfied with poor fare and still poorer wages than the thorough working and cleanly-working English girls, who more than repay in the long run the extra wages by their carefulness and thoughtfulness!

If the Englishman's smile is a little less rare when he is busy and has a great many duties to perform, perhaps it is a little more genuine than the ever-smiling Frenchman's, with his "company manners."

I, for one, would not exchange my English maid for foreigners, although I could keep double the number of the latter for the same wages. They have always served me well. But, then, of course, I study their comforts and institute little amusements for them occasionally, such as sending them to a theatre and arranging a servants' party and dance at Xmas for them, and try to bring a little brightness into their hard-working lives.—Yours truly,

A CONTENTED MISTRESS.

SPIDER WAISTS.

The Man in Corsets Replies.

(To the Editor of the Daily Mirror.)

For the benefit of "A Daughter of Erin," I should like to mention that I am 5ft. 6in. in height, chest 35in., hips 33in.

Though not professing to be an athlete, I take a fair amount of exercise. For instance, I generally walk from two to four miles before

going to business, and from six to eight miles before dinner.

I was much amused at "R.S.V.P.'s" suggestion that I tried baths to reduce my waist. Of course, I bathe for motives of cleanliness, but I never tried to reduce my girth by that means.

I reduced my waist to 18in. solely by proper training in proper corsets. I did not even diet myself. My experiment in corset wearing was undertaken solely with a view to finding out whether or not tight lacing is injurious. The conclusion I have arrived at is that tight lacing is emphatically not injurious if the corsets are suitable, and the waist is reduced gradually.

"R.S.V.P." should have no difficulty in obtaining a corset such as he wants at any first-class corset-maker's. I will tell him where to go if he writes to me, care of Daily Mirror Office.—Yours truly, London, Nov. 25.

EXPERIMENT.

A French View.

(To the Editor of the Daily Mirror.)

May I, as a Parisienne, be permitted to engage in the discussion on "Spider Waists," whatever they may be, in your columns? Few of my countrywomen are unaware of the power possessed by the corset to give chic to one's figure and one's costumes. I myself have always worn my own *très serré*.

Often at a ball or *soirée* my waist has not been more than 35 to 36 centimetres, or 14 or 15 of your English inches. My slender *taille* is much envied and admired, and I also enjoy the good health like other women whose waists may be the 24 or 26 inches of the athletic woman.

The coming modes will be for slenderness, and women will again be seen with the waists of grace, small and round.

Several of my friends have commenced the tight lacing since I have been on my visit here, because they see me, well and comfortable, with a slender figure which is admired. I have taught them to lace their corsets with three laces, in the French fashion.

One lace from a few centimetres above the waist to the top of the corset; the second from where the end of the first is to a position a few centimetres below the waist; and the other

from where the second ends to the bottom of the corset.

Then one can lace and form one's bust, waist, or hips in lines of beauty with ease, and can make one's *taille très mince* without the other portion of *le corps* being drawn in.—Tout à vous,

ELISE DE BUSSET.

THE VALUE OF PHYSICAL CULTURE.

(To the Editor of the Daily Mirror.)

The physical culture movement has had a marked influence in all spheres of women's work, and even more than modern education it is responsible for the present-day type of young woman.

Nobody will deny that girls are more self-reliant and practical and healthy than their grandmothers. The bicycle did a great deal for girls, cycling in moderation with the attendant muscular exercise and fresh air; excellent antidotes to anaemia; golf, hockey, tennis, riding, and boating are all deemed part of a girl's education to-day. There is some danger of carrying the craze for athleticism to the extreme. Exercise should never be taken when the body is fatigued, and strain should be avoided. Record cycle runs, etc., may do incalculable harm, and playing tennis in hot sunshine is most inadvisable. Then, girls should note that they are suitably dressed for sports. A long skirt, an elaborate hat, veils, chiffons, and laces are out of place when cycling, playing tennis, golfing, or boating. Walking is an excellent and somewhat neglected exercise, and may be enjoyed in all weathers, the pedestrian wear thick boots, be warmly but not over clad, and be careful to change from wet things immediately.

The worth of physical culture is a self-evident fact, and the capable, light-hearted, healthy-minded girl of the period owes much to athletics. The domestic woman and the working woman alike will feel better and happier for golfing, cycling, tennis, or hockey, and these will have surer and further-reaching effects on neuralgias and nerves than all the medicines and remedies in the British Pharmacopoeia. ATHLETIC.

RELIGIOUS EDUCATION.

(To the Editor of the Daily Mirror.)

On first reading the article "Should Children's Education be Religious?" in the *Daily Mirror*, one wonders if we are living in a heathen country, and what century we are in. On reading farther, however, we gain some crumb of consolation by finding that the writer does not mean, should the education be religious, but, should it be sectarian.

Yes, children's education should be religious and sectarian, and the more religion you can get into every lesson on every sub-

ject (and remember there is no such thing as a purely secular subject, or there ought not to be) the better.

And why? Because ninety-nine parents out of every 100 don't care a button about their children's religion, or whether they are brought up Church, Chapel, or no sect at all. Therefore the religion must be left almost entirely to the teachers, and for this reason I strongly advocate sectarian teaching.

So few people have at heart the religious education of their children, so few can teach them even to pray. Who then is to do it? Those who spend the greatest part of their lives in religious exercises—priests, deacons, sisters, deaconesses, ministers, evangelists, lay readers.—Yours,

PATERFAMILIAS.

SCARCITY OF NEEDLEWOMEN.

(To the Editor of the Daily Mirror.)

Will you allow me to suggest that there is an altogether insufficient supply of capable needlewomen to work as required in ladies' houses—or else the ways of getting at them are generally unknown.

I have for weeks been inquiring for such help, and surely many others are in like case.

There must be among those asking for employment many women who for their food and a fair wage would be glad to sew as directed for seven or eight hours a day.

How are they to be found?—Yours obediently,

AUSTRALIAN.

£500 for a Postcard.

We are desirous of receiving suggestions for the development of the *Daily Mirror*.

We will present

£1,000

to those who send the best hints, written on postcards, on or before Wednesday, December 2nd.

Any person can send any number of hints, and gentlemen as well as ladies can assist. The rule should be observed of one hint on one postcard. Those sending letters instead of postcards will be disqualified.

The £1,000 will be divided as follows:—

For the Best Suggestion - - - £500.

For the Second Best - - - £100.

Eighty other Suggestions - - - £5 each.

The winners may, if they choose, nominate charities for the receipt of their awards if they do not care to retain the money themselves.

With regard to the awards for postcard suggestions, the Editors of the *Daily Mirror* reserve to themselves the absolute right to be the sole arbitrators in making any gift or award without giving any reason, and in case of any dispute their decision must be considered as final.

All postcards should be addressed:—

Suggestion Department.
THE DAILY MIRROR,
2, CARMELITE-STREET,
LONDON, E.C.

Our Feuilleton.

Chance, the Juggler.

By CORALIE STANTON AND HEATH HOSKEN.

(Authors of "BY RIGHT OF MARRIAGE.")

CHAPTER XXIV.

Continued.

"JACQUELINE," said Lady Dexter frigidly, "you forget yourself." "My dear mother," the girl retorted, "that is a thing I have never done, nor am ever likely to. You'll see." And she followed her mother out of the spacious dining-room, through the lounge, to the garden, where their coffee was served.

"If I thought for a moment," mused Lady Dexter aloud, "that she was serious, I— Then she broke off suddenly, for Jacqueline exclaimed:—

"There she is!" And Lady Dexter, looking up, saw Claudia coming towards her. She was alone, and looked quite unconcerned. Jacqueline's keen eyes saw something else. There was a certain indefinable light in her sister's eyes, a sparkle, a luminous light. She looked very happy, and, because of that, quite different. A change had taken place in her, subtle, indefinable as a phase of a summer sky, a changing of a tide.

"Wherever have you been, Claudia?" asked Jacqueline, sweetly.

"I? Oh, I've been in the clouds," she answered, laughingly.

"Don't be foolish," said Lady Dexter. "Been in the clouds? Don't you want any lunch?"

"No, thanks. We've had it."

"We—who are we?"

"Mr. Morning and I," said Claudia coolly.

"We've been for a long walk. What a day it is! You can see Corsica now. We've been to Castellor. We went by the short cut. Oh, my dear, the violets are positively fairlike."

And the view! We had some lunch up there. There's quite a respectable restaurant."

"And Mr. Morning?" put in Jacqueline, regardless of her mother's frown.

"I have asked Mr. Morning to tea to-morrow afternoon," said Claudia carelessly. By

the way, his mother has had a villa here for the winter."

"She seems to be able to afford a great many luxuries out of her pension," said Lady Dexter coldly. "But these Anglo-Indians seem to possess the secret of thrift."

Claudia regarded her mother with silent contempt, but she did not say anything, for, at that moment, an hotel servant came up to her with a little blue missive.

"A telegram?" she exclaimed. "For me?"

"Oui, madame."

Yes, it was addressed to her in full: "Lady Claudia Waynefleet." Both the Countess and Jacqueline showed more curiosity than Claudia herself.

"Good gracious!" exclaimed Lady Dexter, "I hope it's nothing of importance."

"It's only from Mr. Morning to say he can't come to tea," sneered Jacqueline.

Claudia broke the perforated attachment, and opened the missive. There were only a few words in purple type on two strips of white paper, gummed to the blue. She read them in a glance, and drew a long breath.

"Well," cried Lady Dexter, "what is it?"

"Is it important?" asked Jacqueline. "Oh, do say something, Claudia! Can't you see we're simply bursting with curiosity?"

Claudia folded the telegram deliberately.

"Where is Lord Clowes?" she asked.

"We left him over his lunch," said Jacqueline. "But why?"

"Why, because someone ought to go to him, in case he has heard, too."

"Heard? Heard what?"

"That his son is dead! Verulam has been killed!"

CHAPTER XXV.

"HE died instantly, they say. The bullet went through his heart." Claudia Waynefleet shuddered and looked angrily across the translucent water to the great masses of rocky mountain that girdle Mentone and shield it so effectually from all but the southern zephyrs.

"I am sorry," murmured Christian Morning.

She turned and gave him a quick look of inquiry and of protest, and of something that was faithfulness and beyond his understanding.

"Oh, you need not trouble to be conventionally sympathetic," she said. "No one is listening."

"But you?"

"I hate humbug," she retorted, hotly. "So do you."

"Still," he persisted, "I am sorry. It is a terrible end; and death is terrible. He was very young."

She gave vent to an impatient exclamation.

"That is exactly what they all say. I've heard it so often to-day that I feel inclined to shriek.

Surely poor Verulam had nothing to complain of. He might have died of enteric, or that other nasty thing."

"You are rather hard," he said gravely, as he relit his cheap French cigar, which had gone out.

"No, I am not hard, only I am sick of lies. I've been lying all the day till I hate myself and even I, and now—well, with you, I can't do. You know—I know. We, at least, understand."

The man was silent. Then, after a long pause, he said:—

"You are not sorry, then?"

"Sorry?" she cried almost fiercely. "No, I am glad—I am glad. There! I have said it."

"I hope it has relieved you," he remarked drily.

They were sitting under the shade of a steel-tinted olive tree that grew almost out of the surf-sprayed rocks of Cap Martin, that black tongue that darts out defiantly into the blue, a wilderness of olive grove and pine, carpeted with myrtle and sweet aromatic herbs, and against whose rampart of rock the deep blue rollers of the Mediterranean lash themselves into foamy beauty.

The sun was hovering brilliantly behind them. In another hour he would plunge in a bath of crimson blood behind Mont Agel, and the sun worshippers would disappear into their hotels and close their windows and imagine impossible draughts.

A rich, yellow light illumined the white houses of Bordighera, across the stretch of dark blue water, and bathed the nearer Mentone and its grand amphitheatre of mountains in strange and fantastic lights and shadows, purple and blue and pale heliotrope graduating upwards to the serrated summits, clear cut against the sky, that was bluer than the sea, and touching them with golden fire. A glory of light and colour.

They sat in silence, the man smoking hard, the girl pulling a white rose to pieces, petal by petal, slowly, deliberately. He had plucked the rose for her a few minutes ago. The distant tinkle of mandolines and guitars, and every now and then the long sustained note of an Italian tenor, singing "O Sole mio" on the terrace of the great hotel, rose above the rhythmic murmur of the surf and the rattling stones sucked back by the rollers.

It was the day after the telegram announcing Verulam's death had come, and Lord Clowes had received further and fuller confirmation from the War Office. The old peer had borne the shock well. It had meant the death of all his fond hopes. His only son, the heir to his name and title and wealth, had been taken from him, and under such circumstances a religious creed such as the Earl's stands in good stead. Lord Clowes found great relief of mind in repeating as a kind of talisman, "Thy will be done!" He must have said it a thousand times since yes-

terday. He talked a great deal about Verulam's virtues, and the inscrutable workings of Divine will, the sacrifice he had been called upon to make for his country, and his hope of soon meeting Verulam again in Heaven. He was a brave old man, and his heart was staunch and true; and no one, save perhaps the stern personal Deity he worshipped, knew what he suffered, and how he rose above himself in that hour of great sorrow.

Lady Dexter had suffered greatly, too, though in a different way. "If only Claudia had married him before he had gone," was the burden of her lament.

Jacqueline was more or less silent under the great tragedy which had befallen them all; and Claudia was grateful to her. Perhaps Jacqueline thought of the future, and the regrets that were in store for her.

Next to the Earl, Claudia was, of course, the object of most sympathy. And the game had to be gone through with. The poor girl probably suffered more than any of them.

"You ought to keep to your room," said Lady Dexter, when she declared her intention to dine with the family. "You should have some regard for the proprieties."

"I couldn't shut myself up in a hotel bedroom," Claudia declared. "I should go mad."

"Poor Claudia," said her mother, ostentatiously. "It is very terrible for you."

"Are we all going into mourning?" asked Jacqueline.

"Of course," said Lady Dexter. "Poor Verulam!"

"Where's the money coming from?" said Jacqueline. "We can't run up bills at Nice."

"I suppose," said the Countess, "that we shall all go home now."

Jacqueline made a wry face. "Home in March!" she said, and grew moodily thoughtful.

Claudia thought of all these things and many more, as she sat picking to pieces the white rose. Ever since she had opened that telegram there had been a constant jarring strain upon her nerves. Of course, she had been very shocked at first, and had thought of the thing quite impersonally, thought perhaps more of poor Lord Clowes in the loss of his son and the shattering of his hopes. It was only when she became the object of sympathy, when she was called upon to go about with white face and red eyes, or bury herself from all intercourse with the world, when people watched to see her break down—Lady Dexter had broken down several times—or, at any rate, speak huskily of a great grief, that she felt that the whole business, as far as she was concerned, was a gigantic sham. Why was she called upon to play this degrading game of low deceit? Verulam was dead. He was nothing to her—less than a stranger, and his death had given her freedom just at the

Continued on Page 14.

When you have read the Small Advertisements on this page and the next, look at the hundreds of Bargains on page 16.

Advertisements of
DOMESTIC SERVANTS REQUIRING SITUATIONS,
EMPLOYERS REQUIRING DOMESTIC SERVANTS,
ARTICLES FOR SALE AND WANTED,
APARTMENTS FURNISHED AND UNFURNISHED,
HOUSES AND FLATS TO LET AND WANTED,
MISCELLANEOUS AND PRIVATE ANNOUNCEMENTS,
 are received at the Offices of the "Daily Mirror," 45 and 46, New Bond Street, W., between the hours of 10 and 7, for insertion in the issue of the following day, at the rate of 12 words 1/6, 1/4d. each word afterwards. Advertisements can be left at the Offices, or they can be sent by post, when they must be accompanied by Postal Orders (stamps will not be accepted) crossed **BARCLAY & CO.**

"Daily Mirror" advertisers can have replies to their advertisements sent free of charge to the "Daily Mirror" Offices, a Box Department having been opened for that purpose. If replies are to be forwarded, sufficient stamps to cover postage must be sent with the advertisement.

The Domestic Bureau which the "Daily Mirror" has opened at 45 and 46, New Bond Street, W., for the benefit of mistress and maid, has undertaken the task of verifying references; but, while every care is taken, obviously no absolute guarantee can be given. Advertisers in the "Daily Mirror" are entitled to use the "Daily Mirror" Bureau, which is open from 10 to 5, without any charge.

SITUATIONS WANTED.

Menservants.

BUTLER, single; age 46; town or country—
 G. 30, Hild-road, S.W. 2164

HALL PORTER, age 31; 18s. weekly; dis-
 engaged—Write J. 27, "Daily Mirror,"
 45, New Bond-street. 3213

HOTEL PORTER, good references, dis-
 engaged now—Write T. 42, "Daily Mirror,"
 45, New Bond-street.

KITCHEN PORTER disengaged; 10s. 12s.
 weekly—Hambly, c/o Ayres, Mareham,
 Marlborough. 3213

LEFTMAN, disengaged, aged 29; 14s. weekly.
 —Write J. 25, "Daily Mirror," 45, New
 Bond-street.

THOROUGH London Coachman; 5 years'
 character; married; no encumbrance; aged
 40—12, Hayes-avenue, Barking-gate. 3259

Cooks.

COOK (experienced), age 34; £30-£32; hotel
 or boarding-house—Write T. 32, "Daily
 Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

COOK, for business house, age 37; £22-£24.
 —Write T. 31, "Daily Mirror," 45, New
 Bond-street.

COOK (good), age 35; £45-£50—Write T. 34,
 "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

COOK (good); £26-28; disengaged; town—W.
 23, Wingmore-road, Northborough Junction,
 N.E. 3228

COOK (good); disengaged; age 26; £28-£30.
 N. H. 22, Shore-road, South Hackney.
 3278

SITUATIONS WANTED.

RELIABLE Person wants situation as cook,
 R. housekeeper to widow, or any place of
 trust—Shoubridge, 1, Canonbury-park North-N.
 T. 30, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

PROFESSED COOK, for dinners, hall sup-
 pers, excellent references—Write T. 39,
 "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

GENERAL SERVANTS.

GENERAL (superior), or Working House-
 keeper; disengaged; age 48; £4-5—Write
 T. 30, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

USEFUL HELP disengaged; £18-£20; good
 references—Write T. 37, "Daily Mirror,"
 45, New Bond-street.

Governesses.

GOVERNESS, North German; good music
 and drawing—Write T. 45, "Daily Mirror,"
 45, New Bond-street.

GOVERNESS, Swiss, disengaged; well edu-
 cated; good references—Write T. 36,
 "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

Housekeepers.

HOUSEKEEPER; age 35; wages £30; one
 servant required; excellent references—
 Write S. 36, "Daily Mirror," 45, New
 Bond-street. 3248

LADY-HOUSEKEEPER or Companion; dis-
 engaged—B. 59, Stendal-road, W. Ken-
 sington. 3248

SITUATION required—Advertiser requires
 position as Housekeeper or charge of in-
 stalled, or any position of trust in England; age
 45; no encumbrance; references as to respect-
 ability, etc., can be given—Reply to S. R. c/o
 of Willing's Advertising Offices, 162, Picca-
 dilly, W. 3278

SITUATIONS WANTED.

WORKING-HOUSEKEEPER; age 26; £25;
 2 years' references—Write T. 35, "Daily
 Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

Housemaids.

HOUSEMAID (experienced); head of two, dis-
 engaged; age 27; £26-8, 19, "Daily
 Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W. 3251

HOUSE-CHAMBERMAID, age 26; £18;
 season references—Write J. 24, "Daily
 Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

UNDER-HOUSEMAID; age 18; £15; good
 references—Bennett, 15, Stratford-place,
 W. 3251

UNDER-HOUSEMAID; age 23; £14—Write
 T. 29, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-
 street, W.

Companions.

COMPANION-SECRETARY; would travel;
 trained nurse—Write S. 48, "Daily Mir-
 ror," 45, New Bond-street.

LADY COMPANION, age 24; £24; good
 needlewoman—Write J. 18, "Daily
 Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

YOUNG lady as Travelling Companion; no
 salary; fluent French; good walker—
 Write S. 44, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-
 street, W. 3252

Lady's Maids.

LADY'S MAID, age 38; £30-£35; good
 needlewoman and packer—Write T. 38,
 "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

YOUNG ladies' or children's maids; dis-
 engaged; £16-18; town—Minter, 195,
 Chobham-road, Stratford, Essex. 3225

SITUATIONS WANTED.

Parlourmaids.

DAILY Work as Parlour or Housemaid;
 must sleep out—Write T. 43, "Daily
 Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

HOUSE-PARLOURMAID, age 22; £30;
 disengaged, December 21—Write T. 44,
 "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

Kitchenmaid.

KITCHENMAID; disengaged; town pre-
 ferred; £18—Write T. 40, "Daily Mirror,"
 45, New Bond-street.

Miscellaneous.

ASSISTANT MANAGERESS or Help in
 boarding or apartment house; age 30; ex-
 perience—Jakenan, Henstridge, Somerset.

DAILY WORK wanted, or would take place
 for month—Write T. 41, "Daily Mirror,"
 45, New Bond-street.

WIDOW; 32; quick and energetic; desires
 to learn routine of good private hotel;
 town preferred; no salary—Write 390, "Daily
 Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

SITUATIONS VACANT.

COOK (plain), or Cook-General; for Wimble-
 hill-park—Don, Spencer, Park Lodge, Surbiton.

COOK wanted at once; £25-£30—Mrs. Lucy,
 26, Nightingale-place, Woolwich. 2176

COOK wanted, in December; small family;
 must be clean and have good references;
 two servants kept; man gives assistance; wages
 £22 to £25—Apply Mrs. Groom, Manor
 House, Littlehampton, Sussex. 3236

COOK and House-Parlourmaid (good) wanted
 at once—Mrs. Schreiber, 54, Harley
 House, Regent's Park. Nurse kept. 2255

COOK and House-Parlourmaid (good) wanted
 for Blackheath; 3 in family; wages £20
 and £18—Write S. 25, "Daily Mirror," 45,
 New Bond-street, W. 3300

COOK-GENERAL and Nurse-Housemaid re-
 quired; 5 in family; good references—
 Apply Mrs. Lister, 402, Clapham-road, S.W.
 private house. 3252

COOK-GENERAL and Housemaid (good); for
 apartment house—F. 16, Kappel-street,
 Russell-square. 2252

COOK-GENERAL (good) for Berkshire; after
 Christmas—S. 39, "Daily Mirror," 45,
 New Bond-street, W. 2244

COOK-GENERAL wanted at once; wages
 £18 to £20—Gold Cook, Romford, Parkers.
 2232

COOK-GENERAL; also young girl to assist;
 2 in family—Mrs. Cromie, 44, South Mol-
 ton-street, W. 3251

COOK-GENERAL; boy kept; £20—Write
 T. 43, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-
 street. 3311

COOK-GENERAL; wages about £20; two
 others kept—A. Burton-rd., Putney. 2251

COOK-GENERAL; foreigner preferred; for
 Malton, Vaie; wanted at once—Write S.
 35, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.
 3303

COOK-GENERAL (good) wanted; 2 in family; £20-
 £22—Write S. 48, "Daily Mirror," 45,
 New Bond-street. 2269

General Servants.

GENERAL (good) wanted; £20; help given.
 Mrs. Barton, 17, Shrewsbury-road, W. 3239

GENERAL (good, young); wanted at once; for
 D. G. 71, Bromley-road, Shortlands, Kent.

GENERAL (good, respectable, healthy); wash
 cook, and housework; cook kept; country.
 S. 49, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.
 2253

GENERAL (good), wanted; must be able to
 cook; £22-£24—Mrs. Johnson, 47, Sin-
 clair-road, West Kensington. 3247

"Daily Mirror" Small Advertisements continued on next page.

Continued from Page 13.

moment when she most craved for liberty, just at the time when the bars of her cage seemed to be closing in upon her to suffocate her, and her song had died in her throat. Why should she pretend? She could not alter her nature by rote and rule; she could not make her feelings and mould her thoughts. If she said she admired Verulam she would lie; if she pretended she liked him, nay, could so much as tolerate his presence, she would lie. It was all over and done with now, thank God, she had done with the farce. Fate had saved her from this sacrifice to Mammon despite herself. Verulam was dead, and she could not wish him back. And, because she rejoiced with a fierce joy of relief, and because she had sworn lies at last, she had, to the inexpressible horror of her mother, and the amused amazement of Jacqueline, kept an appointment she had made with Christian Morning yesterday.

"It is curious," said the man at last, "that this thing should have happened now—I mean," he added, for she looked at him inquiringly, and he saw that her thoughts were running in other channels, "I mean Verulam's death."

"Why?" she asked. "Why curious? And why particularly so—now?"

"In the light of our renewed acquaintance-ship," he said, with a faint smile, "and our talk of yesterday, our confidences and—"

"Yes, I understand," she interrupted, with a little shudder of distaste. "But don't let us talk about it. It really doesn't interest me."

"Do you remember what you said at déjeuner up there at Castellars?" He threw away his half-finished cigar and bent forward suddenly. A soft, hesitating note had come into his pleasant voice. It was almost a caress.

"I daresay I said lots of things which it would be better not to remember," she said. "We were very foolish yesterday—both of us. We were in the clouds, you know."

"And now, I suppose, we are down on the prosaic levels again. Well!" He laughed regretfully. "I don't want to rake up your aerial words, Claudia, if you want to leave them up at Castellars; but it strikes me as being almost uncanny. It has gone—I cannot go back on my word. It has said too far, and besides, I owe a duty to mother and Jacqueline."

"I don't, and I was mad to say so," she interrupted.

"Listen. 'A duty to mother and Jacqueline,' you said, 'and to Lord Clowes. I have entered into a bargain—a purely business bargain, a contract for sale of myself, and I have had a good deal of money on account, and spent it! I can't go back on my bargain now. It is too late. Verulam is the only one who can break it, but he won't unless—'"

"Yes, I know," she said quickly; "unless he dies." Yes, I little thought then.

"Well, do you know what I thought at the time?"

She shook her head.

"When you said that," he continued, grimly, "I believe I almost prayed that he might." The girl winced. "You see," he continued, "what I mean when I say it is a curious coincidence. I feel almost as if—well, as if my thought had power to kill."

"How absurd!" she retorted, quickly. "Why the poor man had been dead for more than a day then. But how odd that we should be talking like this—you and I—after all this time. I don't know why it is, but somehow I always feel that I can talk to you without the slightest reserve. It has always been like that ever since those Oxford discussions we used to have. Oh, how serious you were then, and what an air of profound wisdom encircled you! I thought you would be Prime Minister of England, or, perhaps, President of the Republic of United Britain long before this."

"Give me time," he laughed.

"Oh, you'll never do anything like that now," she said, with unembarrassed candour. "You're only a dreamer of dreams. You aren't seriously enough; you've got no executive power. It was different in the old days—or, perhaps, I was so much younger, and saw things through the magnifying glass of adolescence. I thought you would work revolutions. I saw you leading men, swaying them, dictating to them—a new prophet, another Cromwell, a Washington, a Mazzini. She shook her head. "But you aren't anything of the sort," she said. "You're a disappointment. You've merely written a book and a few political pamphlets. Why, you aren't even in the County Council, and I thought you'd be a sort of incarnate Irish party." She broke off with a little laugh, blushing at her own excitement.

Christian Morning had been listening to her eagerly. His fine eyes glistened. He knew she was speaking the truth. He had failed. He was not the man of those other days, and yet he had not gone backwards. He had read and studied and observed. He had been going on, progressing in mind and knowledge. Yet, he had stood still.

"I believe you're quite right," he said. "I'm a failure."

"Nonsense," she cried. "You're only lazy. You are a dilettante. Don't talk so much about principles, and think more of action. You have ambition."

He shook his head. "I had once," he said quietly. "But a reformer should not have personal ambition. He should be altruistic." "Was Cromwell altruistic?"

"No, he was a religious fanatic. Don't imagine for a moment that I admire Oliver Cromwell, because I don't. I consider him as overrated a man as the Duke of Wellington."

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"No, he was a religious fanatic. Don't imagine for a moment that I admire Oliver Cromwell, because I don't. I consider him as overrated a man as the Duke of Wellington."

"Wellington won Waterloo, though," she said.

"I agree with Heine, who described it as the triumph of stupidity over genius."

"You'll never get on if you adopt such a superior pose as that," she said thoughtfully.

"I don't know that I want to get on in that way," he replied.

"You did once," she said. "We used to form Republican Cabinets, and you were always in charge of Foreign Affairs."

"Pon my soul, Claudia, you are a nice person to urge me on to revolution—you, a representative of the class I hate. Lady Claudia Waynefleet urges Christian Morning to achieve the 'Democratic Ideal.'"

"Oh, I don't care a snap of the fingers for the 'Democratic Ideal.' I think your views are frantically absurd, and the idea of your ideal Republic in England farcical. So does everyone else, including yourself, no doubt, in your more lucid moments; but what I want is to see you do something actively, not abstractly. Put up for Parliament. Do something—anything! I hate to think of your having spent all this time in merely reading and writing and growing cynical."

"I had not the slightest idea you took such an interest in me," he said, with a touch of bitterness in his pleasant, drawing voice.

"Don't be silly," she promptly rejoined.

"You're lazy, and you know it. You want stirring up."

"You're doing it," he said, and his eyes twinkled merrily.

"You're a terrible poseur," she said. "You're too honest or too lazy to keep it up consistently."

He shrugged his shoulders. There was something foreign in the gesture. "It is a hard thing to have two natures," he said.

"You're lucky if you haven't more," she retorted. "I think I have a dozen, and they're all pretty equally matched."

"Well, I only have two clearly defined, and they are, as it were, at the two poles of sentiment and intelligence. I'm horribly matter-of-fact, and—absolutely sentimental."

"Egoist!" he said. "Let me hear you define yourself."

"No, but seriously," he protested. "I live in constant discord. One part of me a harmonious whole, if you understand, and the part which I strenuously cultivate is, as I say, pure, cold, calculating reason and common sense."

"The two terms are not necessarily synonymous."

"Reason is always common sense."

"It is not unfrequently nonsense."

"For instance?"

"She was the only woman he had ever met with whom he could engage in rational and logical argument. Claudia Waynefleet could hold her own."

She answered him with a merry laugh. "Oh, we don't want to argue on abstract principles

now," she said. "Look at the light on the Leghorn schooner and the blue of the sea."

"Yes," he said, "that's the other half of me. Have you ever seen anything more perfectly beautiful than those yellow roses festooning that sad, gloomy cypress there? Cap Martin is a wonderful spot. I hope they won't succeed in spoiling it. It is positively Hellenic. One expects to hear the sound of the reed panpipes of some dancing satyr in the green shade of those olive groves. Can you hear the panpipes?"

"No. I can hear a motor-car. Beastly things. But I wish I had one all the same. But shall we go and have some tea, and hear that foolish creature sing 'Ninnuccia,' or 'Maria Mari.' I am so tired of those eternal songs."

"I don't think I should ever grow tired of them," he said. "They remind me of Italy."

"I wish they would get something new."

"Mister Dooley, or 'Slye Awye,' for instance."

"Ugh! England."

"That's a good sign. I am glad I see you shudder at England. Can you hear those Italian organs, Italian, though they are never seen, or heard in Italy? Can you see the public-houses, the Hammersmith 'bus—?"

"Oh, don't!" She made a quaint grimace.

"Not here—in Arcady. And we shall be going back to it all in a few days."

"Will you? Why? I thought you were staying here till after Easter."

"We should have been, but—well, this thing makes a difference, you see."

"Verulam's death?"

"Yes," she turned away, because she had caught a momentary glimpse of the fire in his eyes.

"But why?" he asked.

"Why? Because the bargain has lapsed," she answered, grimly. "I have my liberty. I am free; but that doesn't mean the Hotel de Paris at Mentone. It's the Firm, my dear Christian, Torhampton, and the daily round, the common task. I shall get back my tennis form and—why, of course, there's no tennis in England now. It is winter there. Ugh! I can hear the rain, see it, smell it, feel it—that drifting, hopeless Torhampton rain, day in and day out! And here—why it's June, only more gloriously beautiful. Just look at that sky! It is paradise!"

"I believe," said the man, "that you wish Verulam back."

"Oh, no, no," she cried, quickly. "It isn't that. No, I've been a brute. So have you. We shouldn't have spoken of Verulam as we did. He is dead. But, if he were alive again, if he were here now, it would make no difference. He's dead. His death did not really solve the difficulty, although I said so. I thought so. If he were here now, alive, we should still be going back to England. The bargain was off yesterday."

To be Continued to-morrow.

DAILY BARGAINS.

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